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July 30, 1903

# THE MIRROR

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St. Louis, Mo



# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## MR. FOLK AND THE FATES

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

HAVING no prejudice against facts, none against Mr. Joseph Wingate Folk, personally, and none in favor of those elements of political and social life against which he has made splendid war, I am free to admit that I do not see how Mr. Folk is to be kept out of the nomination for Governor by the Democrats.

I do not like, or have not liked, some of Mr. Folk's methods. They seem, or seemed, tortuous. His official course has appeared to be directed to the end of a personal ambition. He has seemed to use his place to advertise himself into political prominence. He has appeared to be willing to do anything within the law to make capital for himself by blackening the characters of men without officially indicting them.

In criticising such things I have been finding fault with Mr. Folk the politician, as distinct from Mr. Folk the prosecutor and unflinching foe of corruption. There has been no mistaking the plainness of my position on these matters.

However, the public appears to be reconciled to such deficiencies in Mr. Folk as I have pointed out. The people accept the defects of his qualities. They think him a great purifier and they are willing to forgive him his ambition, and any little sinister traits of selfishness which the development of that ambition may have brought into prominence. Mr. Folk represents to the public one concrete fact; he is the enemy of the boodler. That is enough. The people don't care for fine shadings and distinctions or for psychological analyses. They are for Folk on that platform and everything else dwindles into insignificance, as perhaps, it should.

Nothing that can happen to a man as frigidly careful and self-centered as Mr. Folk can hurt him. Every asinine letter of the fatuous Lee, every motion for a change of venue by an indicted assemblyman, every word of the most carefully considered criticism, redounds to Mr. Folk's benefit. If the Supreme Court decides against Folk's law and method in trying a case, so much the worse for the Supreme Court. If a man ventures to doubt the advisability of nominating Mr. Folk for Governor—Yagh! that man is a boodler or the friend and tool of boodlers. If you think Mr. Folk should not indict people by newspaper article when he cannot indict *via* the Grand Jury, you're in favor of covering up the social and political sores in the body politic. Such being the attitude of the people, and the people being supreme, how is Mr. Folk to be defeated for the Governorship? There is absolutely no argument against him or his aspirations on the score of his public record. If one says older and longer tried Missouri Democrats should be preferred for Governor, forthwith it is assumed that "older and longer tried" means Democrats who have been "standing in with" the organization under which boodling flourished. If you doubt Mr. Folk's availability, you thereby declare yourself against the proposition to let in the light upon legislative venality. If you are not for Mr. Folk, you are in favor of corruption or friendly to corruptionists. This is not good logic, but it's popular, and that settles it.

The "machine" is against Folk. Well, when the people are aroused, the machine men take a back seat.

Politicians are mostly cowards. As Folk grows more conspicuous, more and more politicians will flock to him to save themselves with the party. And the politicians are not wise in opposition. If they were, they would not have permitted Justice Gantt to say that people who didn't like the sort of government we have had in Missouri had better move somewhere else. The politicians have erred, too, in setting up Judge Gantt as representative of the old Missouri element to fight Mr. Folk as representing the new Missouri. The politicians have erred, even from the viewpoint of practical politics, in not taking up Mr. Folk and making him their candidate, thus appropriating to the party's benefit the merit of Mr. Folk's work. The party men holding back and away from Mr. Folk have given dangerous color to the charge that the concoctors of the infamies exposed by Mr. Folk are in control of the party. Every move thus far made, and, after the manner of the Milesian, we may include inaction as one of the "moves," against Mr. Folk has been a mistake that has benefited that gentleman. Even the Supreme Court's action in the contempt cases, though not related to Mr. Folk's career at all, has helped to make popular favor for him as the champion of a new deal against the crowd that has controlled the State for so many years. There is nothing presentable against Mr. Folk that will weigh for an instant against the conditions with which Mr. Folk has made war, or as opposed to the men who are most conspicuous in open hostility to him, or advocating a Fabian policy in the hope that "something may turn up" to put him out of business politically.

The politicians hope to combine to beat him. If they beat him they are apt to beat the party. If the party "turns down" Folk, it "turns down" honesty and covers up corruption. Will the people of Missouri stand for that? Not much. If the politicians triumph over Folk, the people will take a retributive crack at the ticket put up by the politicians.

Democratic organization errs in fighting Folk openly, or in ignoring him. The policy of negation is fatal in this instance, as in nearly all cases in which it is pursued. The organization, if it is against Folk, should be for somebody. If it is only against Folk, with no affirmation for aught else, the people will claim, with characteristically sweeping generalization, that the party is against him, because he is against boodle.

Which way soever one turns this case of Mr. Folk to the light the showing is to the disadvantage of his opponents and indicative of the probability of his triumph. The opposition shows no brains in its work. It is afraid to fight, and it grows weaker. There were signs of reaction against Folk, politically; but the fact is that the publication of Lee's letters to Kelley, designed to damage the prosecution of Senatorial boodlers and, incidentally, Mr. Folk, has had the effect of strengthening the State's case and Mr. Folk. The worse Lee is shown to be, the plainer it is shown how corrupt were his associates and how customary and matter-of-fact the methods which Lee so stultiferously exemplifies. Justice Gantt's speech stopped the reaction against Folk and gave new impetus to the stampede for Folk. Mr. Folk's position to-day as an aspirant for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination is much better than it was when I wrote of a reaction against him a week ago.

I said last week that if Mr. Folk were made Gov-

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ernor he would be harmless to the boodlers. I was wrong. Mr. Folk has discovered a statute which gives the Governor power to impanel a Grand Jury in any county at any time he deems it advisable and also empowers him to appoint a special prosecutor in any court. This doesn't "shelve" Folk in the Governorship. It makes him more "dangerous" than ever. It permits of his "putting his hand in" in any county or in this city whenever "the gang" think they have the prosecutor "right." This may not help his chances with "the gang," but it surely will with the people.

Mr. Folk, therefore, though he has done things, as Circuit Attorney, which are hardly in accord with principle or with exact legality, is in favor with the people, and with the gods. The stars in their courses are working for him. Even when a statesman like Brewer "Tony" Stuever comes out in his favor the fact does not hurt him. Not even the shrill support of ex-Governor Stephens causes the idol to waver in the least. Anything said against him becomes transmuted into a compliment. The very mildest criticism must be prefaced with apologetics that render the criticism anæmic.

I do not think any better or any worse of Mr. Folk in any capacity than I ever did. I am concerned only to state here my impression of the situation as it is. The people are for Mr. Folk in spite of anything that may be urged against him by those "onto" his political maneuvers or the "curves," not to say sinuities of his character. The politicians are afraid, and their fear and their delay only convince the people that the politicians are the servants of the boodlers.

The politicians can't beat Folk along the lines they now pursue. They can't win by a waiting game. Most of them are discredited anyhow. Too many of them are smirched to make their opposition unquestionable. The smartest among them, those that would be most effective, in the rural regions, in opposing Folk, are the most smirched.

Such are the facts as they appear after much mental threshing. They all favor Folk and the MIRROR says so, even though I am convinced that the gentleman is as small as he is great, as weak as he is strong, as selfish as he is patriotic. It is not certain he is the best man in Missouri for Governor; but it is certain that, in popular opinion, the worst men in Missouri seem most unanimous in opposing him for that office.



### SCHMIERKASE SHAKESPEARE

BY PASQUIN.

O H, I don't know! It's not so bad, this having to stay in town in the good old summer time! There are compensations for the lack of mountain breezes and the absence of the sound of the mysterious susurrations of the sea upon the shore. One of them is Miss Angeline Pullis. You may see her out at Koerner's Garden. She's playing *Rosalind* there, to Lawrence Hanley's finely conceived and well-balanced *Orlando*, in a manner to make you forget the temperature, the crowded chairs, the bugs that invade your nose, eyes, ears, mouth and trouser legs—everything but the idyllic creature that Shakespeare drew in his sweet and delicate fancy. Koerner's Garden becomes the Forest of Arden. Miss Pullis' *Rosalind* is singularly gentle, deliciously naïf, subtly coquettish, uniquely poetic, wistful and, but for the touch of humor, trifling. The girliness of a real girl, with the intuitive wisdom of the woman is there, proclaiming itself in every action. There is a spontaneity of ingenuous genuineness about the impersonation that is infectious. The innocence of the daring of the masquerade is captivating. There is a freshness of con-

ception in the role that comes upon the spectator like a veritable zephyr from the poet's uncharted land of tenderness. Miss Pullis is a *Rosalind* to soften the summer sirocco as it might warm the winter of one's discontent. It is full of grace, the grace of simplicity. It has the pathos of gentleness breathing through it. It is a faerie fancy touched into reality and spelling peace to any troubled spirit brought to its observation. It is all this because of the very faults of the actress. The defects of this St. Louis girl's art give her work convincing verisimilitude to life. The crudities emphasize the winsomeness of the girl, give the role something of the wild, irregular, uncultivated tang of the wood wherein the idyl evolves its dainty beauties. The play is cut mercilessly, cut to the quick, cut so that Will of Avon, should he meet it in the shades, would cut it dead, but *Rosalind* is there, the very *Rosalind* of the rhymes that decorate the trees, *Rosalind*, indeed, so veristic that you forget in watching her, the phonographic solo, "Down where the Budweiser flows," wafting from the distant kiosk, the crack of the target rifle, and the stentorian waiter's order ringing over the park, "*schmierkase mit schnittlauch*," or the asthmatic detonations of Harry Turner's devil wagon as he stops at the gate. I've seen many *Rosalinds*, but none ever that could reach the center of being, after the fashion of "the lost chord" in Miss Proctor's poem, in the midst of such distractions. Any young woman who can make a beer garden suffer a sea change and become an ancient wood, throbbing with the old romance and bright with the genius of Will Shakespeare, with the thermometer at 98, is a young woman who will go far and high in the art in which she chooses to express herself. Miss Pullis will some day be as grateful to the taste of the universal lover of the play as she was last sultry Sunday evening to a fellow who thought he was to see Shakespeare murdered and was deliriously disappointed to find the poet revived with a new, gentle, girlish grace of grasp of one of his most lovable creations. Then, too, in addition to the *Rosalind*, there was an intelligent and intelligible rendition of "I met a fool in the forest," a well rendered presentation of "The Seven Ages," soliloquy, and a very agreeable enactment of the parry and thrust between *Orlando* and *Jaqes*. But the charm of *Rosalind* was supreme—the charm of the woman of head and heart, the charm of the most intimately captivating heroine that ever poet framed in his imaginings or summer-prisoned citizen found himself identifying with some woman in his parched world of reality. Shakespeare and *schmierkase*! What a combination! And yet it makes for art that carries you away into fancy land, out of yourself, up to your ideals! If you've a soul about you, not shriveled by the heat, go out to Koerner's Garden and see Miss Pullis showing such a *Rosalind* as the world-poet himself might have been foolish-fond to see.



### UNDYNAMIC DECENCY

BY W. M. R.

THE World's Fair will surely be held in 1904. President Francis emphatically and solemnly affirms it. But what's doing in the way of creating the new St. Louis? Why are there not more streets in course of construction? Why is the Street Commissioner in Europe, just at the time he is most needed? Why was he reappointed on an understanding that he would be allowed a long vacation at the beginning of his second term? You can't see much of the new St. Louis thus far. Isn't it time for the people at the City Hall to get busy? We've had enough red tape there in two years, too much pettifog-

ging detail, too much solemn guff, too much blundering *a la* McConkey and the printing contracts, too much myopic concern with stiffening barnacleism in the offices. There has not been enough work done. We've got good government—sure. But it's too good to be busy. It is so respectable it won't hustle for fear of wilting its collar. The governmental machine moves ponderously, puffingly, but there are no results. There is probably much saving being done, but at a tremendous waste of time. The city is not being put in shape for the Fair. The city is being run stolidly, stiffly, ultra-conservatively at a time when the spirit needed is buoyancy, elasticity, progressiveness. The Fair will be on us before we get to the stage of certainty that all the reports are correctly punctuated, that the city employes are all on hand at 9 a. m., that no technicality has been violated in the buying of a dump-cart mule. The people are not longer to be fooled into acceptance of meticulously respectable formality of administration for the spirit of progress. The dullness of decency isn't all of the reform this city needed. The City Hall crowd must get a move on itself. The Mayor must get away from his detail and "cut loose" with something of imaginative sweep. The Mayor is a good man, an honest man, a devoted public servant, a drudge, in fact, but he's too much like a book-keeper, with his nose to the figures. He should cut the red tape, that delights him, into shreds. He should look up and out over the field, not down into the dismal minutiae of circumlocutionary methods. The Mayor, for such a fine fellow socially, is too solemnly slow, officially. He is oppressive almost to the point of suffocating us with his deliberate respectability and dignity, but that isn't all the city wants. He has awed the officers in the City Hall, but the administration has not yet demonstrated that it is characterized by anything more than a merely mechanical competency and a morality that makes no errors because it is bloodless and unventuresome. This administration is stiff, lifeless. It is doing nothing that counts in putting the city in shape. The administration is afraid of action, except it be action to stiffen the routine and tie up individual effort. Honest? Lord bless you, yes! But honesty should be backed up with hustle. Respectable? Yes. But respectability may degenerate into stagnation. Doubtless the administration is better than some others we have had, but where are the results that we should see? Those results are what were chiefly sought by those who brought this administration into being. Those results must be seen by the world when it comes to visit us. There is no evidence that any decided or general administrative effort is being made to bring about those results. The administration needs "girger." It is slow. No St. Louisan disputes the fact. All St. Louisans are growing disappointed over so much decency with so little dynamics as the administration shows. The MIRROR likes Mayor Wells in many respects, but it would like him better if he would escape from his preternatural hebetudinosity of official caution and set things going toward the realization and vizualization of New St. Louis.



### REFLECTIONS

Contempt of the Supreme Court

THE Supreme Court of Missouri has done more to destroy the chances of a retention of Democratic control of the State, in its punishment of two editors for comment upon its decisions, than any other element, even including the boodlers, has done in twenty years. The Supreme Court of Missouri does not stand well with the people of the State. The Supreme justices have stooped too low, in the line



of practical politics, in campaigning for their nominations. In conventions to nominate the candidates, railroad attorneys, professional lobbyists, municipal and legislative "grafters," thugs, ballot-box stuffers and bums have been conspicuous. Supreme justices have sat in corporation offices and bosses' ante rooms, awaiting audience prior to the formulating of important decisions. Supreme justices have haunted the headquarters of railroad attorneys. The Supreme Court has been disgraced by inference when clients having cases before it, on appeal, have employed politicians as figure heads "to make a front" along with the lawyers who did the real legal work. The Supreme Court is popularly believed to be a part of the Democratic machine. The Supreme Court rarely decides anything adverse to the interests of the Democratic machine. The Supreme Court is not beyond the reach of a committeeman who may be interested in a case before it, if some frequently told stories are to be believed. The lawyers of the State—those, that is, who have no permanent corporation connection—think very poorly of the Supreme Court, but they dare not express their thoughts. The big financial interests of St. Louis and Kansas City are never worried about important cases in the Supreme Court; they are solid, usually, because they made the judges in convention. The MIRROR has no hesitation in saying that the fining of Editors Shepherd and Cundiff, for criticizing the court, will have the effect of bringing to the surface the suspicion and contempt for the Supreme Court that have been growing, but were suppressed during the last score of years. The best proof of how the people feel is to be found in the action of the people of the communities in which the offending editors published their papers, when they promptly started popular subscriptions and paid the fines and costs imposed by the court. The Supreme Court of Missouri has challenged public opinion of itself, and it will be interesting to watch the result as it develops. It would be interesting, indeed, for some able and impartial lawyer to review the Supreme Court's opinions on political cases for a dozen years or more. It would be more interesting to have some lawyer look up cases that the Supreme Court decided one way three or four times, and then when the right attorney came into the case, decided exactly the opposite. The MIRROR is of the opinion that the Supreme Court of Missouri cannot stand analysis and that it has taken a desperate chance in punishing editors for contempt, when it invites analysis of its decisions. The people of Missouri, outside of the politicians and the corporationists, are distrustful of the Supreme Court. They have an impression, however dim, that the Supreme Court has been chiefly remarkable for the regularity with which it has delivered opinions "pat" to the exigencies and emergencies of the Democratic machine. They have an impression quite distinct that the conventions in which Supreme Judges have been nominated have been dominated by railroad lobbyists and their tools. They think they can remember good men beaten for nomination for no other apparent reason than that they were opposed by railroad lobbyists. The MIRROR does not see why the Supreme Court of Missouri does not summon and punish for contempt "Horace Flack," a writer in the *Globe-Democrat* of July 24th, who could say of a judicial convention in St. Louis that it was his opinion, when he had the names of the men who controlled the convention before him, "that they represented the most corrupt and corrupting influences of American politics, with power behind them so great then, if not now, that the lines of party disappear before it." Among those names he "saw the names of men representing every ring, every corrupt combination, very influence which overrides

honest partisanship and honest government as far as my knowledge of St. Louis politics during fifteen years enabled me to form an opinion on such evidence." He "saw also the workings of what seemed to him corrupt and corrupting combinations extending far beyond St. Louis and far beyond the State of Missouri. He saw, or seemed to see, represented in that convention all that with which the public has since become familiar in the proceedings of grand juries and the courts." The writer then continues. "The delegation thus selected from St. Louis went to a 'judicial convention' at Springfield, which seemed to me to sum up in itself all that was most representative of corruption in the State, not as it prevails in one party merely, but in all parties. It seemed to me, then, that the wishes of the voters of the State could count for nothing in such a convention. It seemed to me impossible that they should count. . . . This convention seemed to me to sum up these symptoms in itself and to make them openly manifest, as the fever in the blood becomes openly manifest in delirium. In my opinion, then and now, it was a delirious debauch, in which open and notorious symptoms of beer and whisky were merely a small part of the delirium of irresponsibility, grown open and flagrant because past the possibility even of hypocrisy." The MIRROR believes that "Horace Flack" saw with eyes and judged with a mind not radically different from the eyes and minds of other honest Missourians, and that he states guardedly opinions which other Missourians hold but refrain from making public. But the MIRROR has no hesitation in saying that the self-same influences that control Democratic nominations for supreme judges control the Republican nominations for the same positions.



#### The Borgia Wardrobe

A COMPLETE inventory of Lucrezia Borgia's wardrobe has been found in the archives of Modena. According to the document; the historic beauty and alleged malefactor—for the lady's reputation is worse than carefully investigated facts justify—glorified in a trousseau consisting of fifty dresses of brocade, velvet and satin, and two cloaks. One of the latter was of satin, lined with ermine and trimmed with fifty-four rubies, twenty-nine diamonds and one hundred and fifteen pearls. The *lingerie* included two hundred chemises, each valued at one hundred ducats. From this it would seem that Italian high society of that remote time was not a whit behind that of the present day in love of luxury and extravagance. If the beautiful sinner—or sufferer, as some would have it—could not get along with a smaller and less costly wardrobe, it's no wonder that Andrea del Sarto's life was one of worry and misery. Yet he undoubtedly considered Lucrezia worth possessing, in spite of all her spendthrift habits, her criminal proclivities and inconstancy in love. For, if we are to believe history as it used to be written, she was a glorious beauty, coveted by prince and priest, artist and artisan. She was worth tears and death. About her wealth of golden hair hung the halo of the sinner of genius, to whom love is less of an end than a means. Her very name is a synonym for crime and immorality. Still, we cannot but think of her with a perverse feeling of sadness and admiration. Her splendid, beautiful body has long since crumbled into dust and empty are the sockets through which used to flash her magnificent, defiantly coquettish eyes. Yet she still lives in the memory of men and women. The old story of her romantic life, her many midnight misdeeds in the secret chambers of mediæval palaces, her waywardness and eccentricity, her fickleness and faithlessness, still fascinate our mind and cast a spell over our heart.

And in dreaming and reading of her, we are tempted to murmur Browning's words: "Dear, dead women, with such hair, too! What's become of all the gold, used to hang and brush their bosoms?" It's almost too bad that Lucrezia has been so "whitewashed" by modern investigation. It is with gratitude that we learn from newly discovered documents that she was at least frail enough to like lace and gew-gaws and multi-colored fabrics. She was at least, and primarily, more of a woman than a monster, in that "accomplished and infamous Italy" in which the art of life seemed to flower into crime.



#### Good Commercial Law

THE New York Court of Appeals has handed down a decision of great interest to the commercial community. It concerns sales of goods on sample. Formerly, it was held that where goods, sold under such conditions, are not equal in quality to the sample, an actual return of the goods was necessary before a suit for breach of warranty could be instituted. This, of course, was to the detriment of the purchaser, and gave him no opportunity to justify himself in the eyes of his customers. Besides, the latter had the right to file legal action against him in cases where he had, *bona fide*, sold goods ordered from sample, without affording him any recourse whatever against the manufacturer. According to this old rule of the law, all he could do was to return the goods to the first shipper. The decision referred to above changes the law entirely. Under it, the wholesale purchaser on sample, who sells the goods as warranted by the manufacturer, and subsequently suffers pecuniary damage, either by reason of rebates demanded by his customer, or by reason of loss of patronage resulting therefrom, has full legal right to recover from the first shipper on the original contract. If he should not care to avail himself of this right, he may retain the goods, sell them at market value, and recover the difference from the manufacturer. This decision of the highest court of the State of New York is sound and solid law, and in accord with modern business requirements. It relieves the innocent purchaser of the burden of defence and enables him to obtain quick and adequate redress. Decisions of this kind make for simplification in business transactions and compel sellers to live up to their contracts and guarantees.



#### Geological Transformations

BOSTONIANS are gravely perturbed over the results of a recent survey, which established the startling fact that their city is sinking into the sea at the rate of a foot a century. This process of disappearance may not be very swift for Boston, yet it seems to be sure and steady. It has been under observation for a great number of years. In the course of extensive investigation conducted by the United States Geological Survey, proof of a similar encroachment of the sea has been found along various other portions of the Atlantic coast. It would seem that the entire coast is bound ultimately to disappear beneath the waters. Geological changes of an equally interesting character are reported from the Pacific side of South America, where the coast is rising rapidly. Charles Darwin was one of the first to notice this singular process of elevation. He found plaited reeds and other evidences of human handiwork buried among marine fauna deposits at a height of eighty-five feet above tidewater. It is believed that our own Pacific coast is likewise being uplifted by the restless manifestations of primeval forces in the interior of our planet. The coast of Norway, also, is known to be rising rapidly. According to late observations, the mean rate of the elevating process there is considerably more than two feet in



a century. At the North Cape, the maximum rate is still higher, being almost four feet. It would seem from all this that our planet is undergoing as much of a constant physical metamorphosis as is our body. And such will be the case as long as it shall remain agitated by a spark of vital energy. What we are fond of describing as *terra firma* is really a huge agglomeration of matter unceasingly kneaded into different shapes by the tremendous power of elements, the exact nature and origin of which still defy all scientific research and analysis. Thus, it cannot be said that the process of creation has really been completed. Perhaps it never will be. The term "creation" is susceptible of different interpretations. The creating power is still as much in evidence all over this little earth of ours, and in every nook and corner of that vast, incomprehensible system known to us as the universe, as it ever was in the most remote and pristine ages, when time was not.



#### Burst Local Bubbles

LOCAL stock gamblers have been hit hard by the late débâcle in the New York and St. Louis markets. The enormous shrinkage in values has put them *hors de combat*. They have sustained losses the memory of which will never be effaced from their minds. Most of those who bought stocks, with impetuous recklessness, at fancy figures, a year or so ago, have "taken their medicine" and gone into retirement, where they may ponder "what might have been" and endeavor to recoup themselves by working and saving harder than they ever did before. That is, by the way, the only sure method by which speculative losses can be recovered. The depreciation in prices has reached proportions that would have been considered impossible early in 1902. Some stocks have dropped from fifty to one hundred points in quotations. Judging by present appearances, the "slump" has affected only the gambling fraternity. It has reduced quotations to a more common-sense level. It has pricked some dangerous bubbles, and pricked them for good. It has taught a most valuable and instructive lesson. When local stocks had reached lofty altitudes, the "tenderfeet" believed that they could be bought with perfect impunity with borrowed money, and that they were "as safe as the Bank of England." Even "old-timers," conversant with all the treacherous phases of speculative booms, had lost their heads and bought as much as their means and "nerve" would permit. Nothing could stop a further prodigious advance. This was the all-pervading belief in the fat, green pastures where the "lambs" disported themselves. The enthusiasm was helped along by impressive journalistic statements in regard to the joys and glories and phenomenal dividends in the coming St. Louis Utopia. The analytical power of reportorial financiers was particularly thorough-going and confident of the conclusions at which it arrived. "Why," some would say, in response to cautionary remarks, "St. Louis stocks are above all suspicion. They are a 'lead-pipe cinch.' They are all bound to go much higher. The best a young man of ambition and thrift can do is to buy them without hesitation and then grow up with them." Talk of this kind is now at a large discount in this fine, warm burg, and will remain so for a long time to come. It is all very well to have faith in one's town and its future, but it is necessary to keep it within bounds of reason. Simply because all the financial and commercial concerns in St. Louis are enjoying good, profitable business, is no reason why their stocks should sell at preposterously extravagant prices. A year ago, some St. Louis bank stocks were being bought at figures permitting of a yield of less than three per cent. on the investment. That such buyers acted idiotically has since been sufficiently demonstrated. There can not be the least doubt that local

"insiders" sold large blocks of their holdings when the speculative craze was at its zenith. They were "wise guys." They made good use of their opportunity, though it is to be suspected that some of them did not experience any moral *malaise* when helping to create the opportunity to unload. They are now in position to re-purchase at low prices and to assure the "outsider" that there is nothing wrong with local stocks, except that they are held by people who should never have bought them.



#### About Advertising

THE modern practice of advertising is a combination of common sense, truth and art. It employs simplicity and clearness of language. It eschews all cheap exaggerations of statement. It describes the articles as they are, and offers them at what they are reasonably worth. At the same time, it contrives to set forth, in neat, yet ingenious mode, all their known qualities, and the reasons why they should be bought, and why they are superior to anything similar offering on the market. By combining simple elegance of language with truthfulness of statement in description, and in setting forth the particular usefulness and superiority of the goods, the intelligent up-to-date advertiser assures most of his success. In advertising, as in everything else, honesty is the best policy. The thoughtful reader quickly recognizes exaggeration and deceit in advertising, and resents it. He is able to distinguish between the shoddy and the "real thing." Hyperbolic language does not impress or bamboozle him. He is invariably attracted by the advertisement which shows on its face that the advertiser is honest and in position "to deliver the goods." At the same time, he appreciates a modestly subtle appeal to his sense of the artistic and beautiful. Advertising has developed into an art, that must and deserves to be assiduously studied and practiced. Crude slap-dash wording and illustrating will no longer do. The merchant, manufacturer, or railroad man, who pays close and special attention to his advertising, and makes it as truthful and attractive as possible, is almost sure to reap good results.



#### Wood's Advancement

ANOTHER honor has been thrust upon Leonard Wood, the erstwhile army surgeon. President Roosevelt has made him a brigadier-general, and thereby given additional proof of his determination to reward friends. Wood has ever been a Presidential favorite since the days of the organization of the Rough Riders, of which Wood was the Colonel. For some reason or other, the impression prevails in the White House that but for him "Butcher" Weyler would still lord it over the Cubans. Wood did very well as governor of Cuba, but probably no better than any other intelligent army officer would have done. That he is endowed with an abnormal amount of military genius is hard to believe, since he has never given any evidence of it. Thus far, he has chiefly distinguished himself by unusual cleverness in maintaining a strong pull in the Presidential mansion. His latest promotion has created bad blood in army circles. Officers who have rendered long, faithful, and even distinguished services are disposed to criticize the President for promoting Wood in such signal and rapid fashion. They consider themselves humiliated and prejudiced by such procedure. The President's action cannot be held to be in line with the Government's traditional policy of increasing efficiency and strengthening discipline in the army by according promotions on considerations of seniority and faithfulness in service alone. It is certainly not exactly in line with the President's own views of the public service. Wood has smashed all

the long-established rules of advancement. Presidential favor has put him ahead of a long line of deserving and well-approved officers. The President should have been less precipitate in promoting Wood. His favorite could well have waited some years longer for his brigadier-generalship. And yet the average American, not a mugwump, can hardly find it in his heart to be very indignant with "Teddy" for "standing by his friends." Criticism of such action may be ethically well based, but there's much in ordinary human nature that counts such a course a very decided virtue.



#### Railroad Forestry

VALUABLE timber is becoming so scarce in this country that railroad companies find it difficult to procure needed ties, except at almost prohibitive prices. It is estimated that more than one hundred and ten million ties are needed every year for the replacing of old ties alone. Owing to the comparative scantiness of supply in the last few years, some of the Eastern companies have for some time been making various experiments with a view to the invention of serviceable substitutes for the high-grade and high-priced timbers. The United States Bureau of Forestry believes that the beech, maple and birch could be converted into good material for ties by a seasoning and preserving process, such as is now in use in some countries of Europe. It is said that the Great Eastern Railroad, in France, has succeeded in making beech ties that last thirty-five years by impregnating them with tar oils. Following another suggestion made by the Bureau of Forestry, some of the large railroad companies are now contemplating the acquirement of large areas of timber lands, on which they might grow their own supply of ties. At the present time, a forestry expert is endeavoring to determine the area of hardwood land available along the lines of the New York Central. Seasoning experiments are being conducted along the lines of the Illinois Central, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé and the St. Louis & San Francisco. Undoubtedly, the time has arrived for progressive and economical railroad managements to adopt and perfect measures assuring them of an adequate supply of ties at all times and at a minimum of cost. The present system of buying in the open market, or from contractors, and at great distances, is hazardous, expensive and cumbersome. The large railroad corporations, controlling thousands of miles of track, can well afford to buy and maintain their own forest reserves. If the present rate of forest-slaughter is continued ten years longer, railroad ties will be worth at least twice as much as they are now. If railroad companies can find profit in colonization projects, they should certainly find still more profit in owning timber land affording them an inexhaustible supply of cheap and serviceable ties. This scheme of railroad forestry is something that wide-awake, far-seeing managements should lose no time in taking up and developing along practical, scientific lines.



#### Exorbitant Carriage Charges

THE liverymen's combine in St. Louis has made itself thoroughly obnoxious. It is a trust that deserves to be "busted," and that as quickly as possible. It has raised charges for carriage hire to an outrageously high level, and made regulations that are flagrantly unfair. On the Dedication and Saengerfest occasions, it promulgated and sanctioned charges which practically amounted to a hold-up of the citizens and visitors. There was absolutely no warrant for the advance in prices. It never would have been made but for reasons springing out of that spirit of indecent greed which recognizes its opportunity in the World's Fair period and is determined to make the



most of it. The liverymen's combine will be the cause of innumerable and just complaints from visitors to the World's Fair. It serves, and will serve, as a sort of advertisement which cannot be expected to rebound to the benefit of the Fair. Unfortunately, it does not seem as though anything could be done to squelch it, or to make the members of the combine amenable to reason and justice. Our only hope for relief lies in the chance that outside people will come here and engage in the livery business in competition with the local combine.



## The Causes of Increasing Insanity

NEW ENGLAND States report an alarming increase in insanity. It is estimated that there is now one insane person to every three hundred and seven inhabitants. There are nineteen thousand and five hundred insane patients in the six States. This is, undoubtedly, an abnormally large number. The cause of this portentous increase in insanity is, of course, to be ascribed to the intensification of the struggle for existence. Perhaps prosperity, with its concomitant feverish anxiety to amass wealth through speculation, must likewise be considered a contributing factor in the wrecking of brains. And, then, there is the incessant wear and tear of the keenness of business and professional competition, with its torturing thoughts and fears of possible failure, which, nowadays, means a good deal more than it did twenty or thirty years ago, to be taken into consideration. Also, there is to be taken into account the increasing complexity and strain of present-day social life, with its trivial, though nerve-racking duties and functions, from attending which it is so difficult to escape. All these things make for reeling brains and padded cells, or, if not that, for feeble, shattered physical health. Ours is, in every sense of the word, a "fast life." And it is because of its fastness that so many, prematurely exhausted, despairingly and impotently fall by the wayside, unable longer to keep in the mad race for wealth, position and fame. It is time for the Yankee to take a rest. But then our vacations are as wearing as our working time. There's evil in the Gospel of Hustle. And about the only extensively efficacious antidote thereto is to be found in the newly spreading religious quietism that is best represented principally by the devotees of Christian Science and allied cults.



## Queen Om

EMILY BROWN! Have you heard of her? Perhaps you think that she's like Nancy Brown, in the song, of whom no trace could be found in the "directoree." But no. Emily Brown is a heroine of to-day. She was born in Appleton, Wis. She is now Empress of Korea. She is the queen of the Emperor, Yi Honge. Her son has been declared heir apparent to the throne. She is known as Empress Om. She was the daughter of a missionary, and accompanied her father to Korea. She sang in the mission church, and so sweetly that the Emperor heard her and sought her out. Now runs the chronicle, "he commanded her to enter his harem, which she indignantly declined to do." Mark the word "indignantly." Is not that a touch of truth there is no escaping? "Indignantly." How else would a daughter of a missionary decline to obey such a command. Then, mark you this, quoting the chronicle still farther: "About two years later she concluded to accept the Emperor's protection and went to live in the palace after securing from the Emperor a solemn promise of marriage when affairs of state would permit." Even in "the land of the morning calm" things go just as they do in this strenuous Occident. Note how like is Emily Brown to our own fair towns woman, Lillie Belle Pierce, in contracting a sort of common-law marriage with the wealthy, but "sporty," Mr. Im-

boden. Observe that the fair Emily acted not in precipitate haste. Nay, nay. She took two years to consider the offer of protection from an imperial gent who had hitherto been a rank free trader in wives. Such a conversion is as remarkable as that of Joseph Chamberlain, who, by the way, also has an American wife. How it rejoices us to read that affairs of state finally did permit the Emperor to keep his promise, although, "for many years before her marriage she was the favorite and confidante of the Emperor." It is not every missionary's daughter who could do what Emily Brown has done. No, indeed. It is not often in the history of the world that the Christianization of the paynim lands has proceeded along such lines as have been laid out and brilliantly followed by Miss Brown. The self-sacrifice of Miss Brown during the "many years before her marriage," when she was the Emperor's "favorite and confidante," must have been trying years indeed. They show to what heights of self-sacrifice, of self-immolation, one may say, the missionary spirit will lead those who are fulfilled thereof! Well is Queen Emily called now by a murmurous name which means "dawn of the morning." Truly when the daughter of the missionary from Wisconsin does such things "the dawn of the morning" has come in Korea. There is no reason to doubt that Emily, or "Om," will use her influence in Korea. There is no doubt that such a progressive missionary young lady will introduce American fabrics, American ideas, American machinery and American breakfast foods into the realm over which she presides with her liege Yi Honge. We have been not a little boastful of the fact that an American girl became "vicereine" of India, but what is that to the achievement of Emily Brown in becoming Empress of Korea? Surely Miss Emily Brown's is a notable conquest of the infidel. It is not frequent that a missionary girl captures an Emperor. The event bids us hope that in the future, under Empress Om's influence, the spread of Christianity in Korea will be as rapid as that which, in the ancient Roman world, followed the conversion of Constantine by the star-written sign in the heavens. There are come cavaliers who will object to the exceedingly modern methods of extending Christian influence in the East, as shown in the achievement of Miss Brown, but those objectors will please "go 'way back and sit down." Queen Om has "got there," and that's the main point. She will boss the business in Korea, as American girls ever do. She's not going to let Yi Honge do anything to stop missionary work in his empire. She's not going to stand for any harem. She may be depended upon to purify the court and set an example to the natives in morality. She was for many years "the light of the harem." She is now almost supreme in power to spread "the light of the true faith" through all her imperial domains. Such an outcome of missionary endeavor was never known before, but it is as successful as it is new, and we are glad to know that the story comes, doubtless with pious approval, from missionary sources at Tokio. It has long been said that the Jesuits were such successful missionaries because they so readily fitted themselves to the circumstances in which they found themselves in strange lands. It remained for an American missionary's daughter to undertake the conversion of a whole empire by accepting a place in an Emperor's harem. Truly, the dawn of the morning of the faith has come in the East.



## Another Squeeze Coming

PROSPECTS for another coal "famine" next winter are fairly good. Prices are already being lifted on both the anthracite and bituminous product. The "Christian gentlemen," to whom God, "in His infinite wisdom, saw fit to entrust the Nation's coal deposits," insist that the advance is due altogether to increases in miners' wages. At the same time, they assure us that there is

such little profit in the business that they are, to their ineffable sorrow, forced to make consumers pay the addition to the wage account. If they themselves were to pay it, they would have to go into receivers' hands. This is a very plausible, ingenious excuse. There is sardonic humor in it. The public is always eager to show sympathy for workmen clamoring for higher wages and should, therefore, be glad to give tangible proof of its sympathy by footing the increase in wages itself. The coal operators are a worthy and public-spirited lot of men. Being actuated by truly unselfish motives, and unable, owing to an excessive use of modern hydraulic financing methods, to pay anything like a decent rate upon their capital stock, they cheerfully condescend to grant increases in wages and to let the public pay them. They know that the miners are entitled to a living wage, and that the public is able and willing to pay it. It naturally follows from all this that consumers will raise no objection to enhanced prices for coal. In times of prosperity, when "Christian gentlemen" are particularly numerous and active, high coal prices are amply warranted. Besides, have we not the dictum of a former President of the United States that cheap prices make a cheap man? In these "flush" times, low prices would jar upon one's feelings. They would not be in harmony with general conditions. There's something plebeian in cheap coal. However, what's the use of arguing at length about this coming squeeze in coal prices? The mine-owners have decided to put the new scale in force, and that ends it. When "Christian gentlemen" have spoken, all that heathenish prolétaires can do is to shut up and "put up."



## The Transportation Problem

THE world's first suspended railway will soon be in operation between Elberfeld and Vohwinkel, in Germany. It is a mono-rail system, the inventor of which was Eugen Lange, a Cologne engineer, who died about eight years ago. The first section of the line has been in operation since 1898, with most gratifying results. Certain portions of the railway are constructed over the river Wupper. The cars are suspended beneath the track and run on a single rail. It is thought by European authorities on railroad engineering and transportation that this type of suspended railway is likely to be extensively adopted before long, and that it may be an important factor in solving the problem of express passenger traffic in congested districts and over long routes. These multiplying new inventions and improvements indicate that transportation is still very much in a process of evolution. Fifty years hence, present systems will undoubtedly be utterly obsolete, and be regarded as crude and primeval as the bob-tail car and stage-coach are today. Our grandchildren will have the benefit of the uninterrupted progress in science and engineering. In using their means of transportation, they will probably wonder how we of the present day could be satisfied with our steam and electric systems, the speed and comfortableness of which we are inclined to laud so highly. Perfected transportation of the future will combine the utmost of speed with the utmost of safety, commodiousness, convenience and sanitation. It will be a materialization of dreams of to-day.



## Mid-Summer Madness

GREAT building activity in St. Louis! Sure! Can't you see it all around you? Aren't your ears deafened by it? Behold how the long decayed boarding house has the front of its first story knocked in or out and a one-story room for store purposes added to its noble facade. See how lots in the heart of the city are being "improved" with single story shacks, made mostly of second-hand brick. Great building

## The Mirror

activity in St. Louis. Wonderful display of energy! Tremendous exhibition of civic pride by the land-owners! No wonder the sparrows, these mornings, sing "cheep, cheep, cheep" more cheerily-strenuously than ever. That's new St. Louis, as far as it has gone—cheap cheap cheap! What's the excuse? Why—abolish the bridge arbitrary, of course. What's the reason real estate owners are splurging in second-hand shacks to such a ruinous extent? Because St. Louis doesn't get goods on a through bill of lading. Wonderful—this city of St. Louis, and its people. Why is the World's Fair "weekly review" sent out in a form like the "local news" of a rural weekly in a village of six hundred population? Because the Terminal Association doesn't break up one of its two bridges for scrap iron? Why don't we have a new garbage law? Because the sports of the town bet their money on the race horse McChesney, and that's the name of the president of the Terminal Association. Why is there typhoid in the water? Why must we boil our ice? Because the Eads bridge and the Merchants' bridge are under the same management. Why won't Santos-Dumont bring his dirigible balloon to the World's Fair? Because the Terminal Association is a trust and both bridges are trussed. Why aren't the wine rooms closed? Because the weather's too hot for Coffey? Nay, nay, praline! Because Julius Seizure Walsh and his associates, like Julius Caesar of old, are in the bridge business. The Terminal monopoly must go. This is the mad dog season and everybody must go rabid on the terminal facilities of St. Louis. The proper thing for a city about to have a World's Fair, dependent for its success upon railroad co-operation, to do is to do everything in its power to make things uncomfortable and costly for the railroads. That makes the railroads really crazy to boost the Fair and bring business to the town. When a city has fourteen railroads entering its gates the proper thing to do is call out the inhabitants to pile ties on the tracks, throw bricks through the passenger-coach windows, kill the locomotives and derail the freight cars. That makes the roads so friendly to the city's business. The roads, fourteen of them, are so friendly, or soon will be, that they wouldn't for the world worry a St. Louis merchant by throwing business in his way. Abolish the bridge arbitrary. Give the Terminal Association nothing but the worst of it, and give it to the concern in the neck. If we can't tax the franchise into unprofitableness, take it away. We don't want any swift transportation to the World's Fair grounds. We don't want useless streets made useful. Give us a St. Louis bill of lading, but let the goods take six weeks in coming from Chicago by fast freight. Such a spirit! 'Rah for the new St. Louis! Did we hear anyone whisper anything about "shamlessness?" No? Oh, very well!



### No Lawing Required

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH CANNON has come out squarely and emphatically in opposition to all schemes of currency legislation. He does not see any necessity for "lawing" of this kind. His view of the matter is in accord with that taken by the MIRROR all along: That the Nation has all the currency it needs for legitimate business purposes, and that what demand there is for new legislation emanates principally from interests closely identified with Wall street. Stock-jobbers want a sort of currency system that will permit of dangerous wild-cat inflation, and they believe that it can best be obtained by having a law passed permitting the issuance of National bank notes not only on Government, but likewise on State, municipal and railroad bonds. Such a law would, of course, give them the coveted chance to raise the cry

of a restriction of the supply of investment securities, and to make it appear as though all classes of securities should undergo a sharp advance in quotations. Wall street believes in financial legislation for Wall street exclusively. It does not care a rap for conservatism or the safety of our currency, when there are "loads" of inflated stocks and bonds waiting to be dumped on the market. Outside of Wall street, there is little or no demand for a tinkering with the currency system. But for preposterous stock-inflation in the last three years, there would have been no perturbative flurries in money markets. Neither would there have been periodical demands that the Federal Treasury organize "relief expeditions" to pull gamblers and promoters out of pits which they had dug for themselves in the blindness and folly of greed.



### An Epoch-Making Discovery

SPONTANEOUS radiation continues to excite the awe and wonder of scientific circles. The closer the manifestations of its properties are considered, the more it is being realized that its discovery marked the beginning of a new era of scientific investigation. Radium, it is now known, emits excessively minute corpuscles with such tremendous velocity that the energy of a single milligram of them represents about three and a half million foot tons. According to a writer in the New York Sun, measurements have proved that this new radio-element sends out every twenty-four hours thirty times as much energy in the form of heat as an equal weight of oxygen and hydrogen evolve when they combine to form water. We are told that the energy of the changes accompanying radio-activity is at least twenty thousand times (and it may be a million times) as great as that of the most intense molecular changes; such, for example, as that set free by modern explosives. The carriers of this energy are moving particles, and, as it was but natural to inquire whether this emission of energy must not, by the very nature of the case, result in a corresponding loss of matter, Becquerel, started an investigation and found that a single square centimeter of radio-active surface will radiate into space only a single gram of matter in a billion years. Just think of it—a single gram of matter in a billion years! And think also of the delicacy and accuracy of modern instruments of scientific research evidenced by the success of such calculations! Radio-activity is a specific property of the chemical element which exhibits it, and since, during the process, this element is continually losing particles of its substance, the changing system involved must necessarily be the atom. In any radio-active changes, therefore, it must be the chemical atom which undergoes disintegration. The system which remains after the expulsion of these heavily charged particles from it must be lighter than before and must possess different physical and chemical properties from the original substance. But rays may again be expelled from the new body, and so a second new system may result, and so on. Further study of this inter-atomic energy should lead to still more wonderful discoveries. It would seem, indeed, as if we were at last about to lift a corner of the veil which divides the seen from the unseen, the material from the spiritual, as if a glimpse were at last to be vouchsafed us which would give us a truer understanding of that which Wordsworth knew as the 'heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world.'



### The End of Morgan

THE ROCKEFELLERS finally "got" Mr. James R. Keene. Mr. Keene has latterly been in alliance with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The Rockefellers will finally "get" Mr. Morgan. In fact, they've "got"

him now. His downfall has begun, and even the Rothschilds, who have lately been bolstering him up, can't save him. He is no longer able to protect the market for his schemes. The Rockefellers will either break him or make him come into camp as a lieutenant. The best sign that Morgan is "rattled" is found in his blaming his former "borders" like Schwab and Perkins for his troubles and letting them out. Morgan will be smashed if he doesn't surrender to Standard Oil.



### An Affront

MR. JOHN A. LEE, boodler, macer, squealer, ex-Lieutenant-Governor, chump, egotist and pale gray ass, is still manager of a transportation bureau that provides rates to merchants visiting St. Louis. Every merchant coming here to buy goods must have his passport vised by Lee. This is rather rubbing it in on the country merchant, and it isn't very creditable to the merchants of this city who have had such excellent opportunity to acquaint themselves with Mr. Lee's character. His position is a quasi-public one. He should be dropped from the place. His presence is an affront to all those country merchants with whom he may be brought in contact.



## DE JUVENTUTE CLAMAVI

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

THERE is no end to my longing;  
An ocean sings in my shell;  
My heart has room for the thronging  
Ambitions of Heaven and Hell.  
I am fey with the fierce sweet savor  
Of life on my ravished tongue;  
Make away, ye who whimper and waver:  
I am young, young, young!

My sky-line widens, widens:  
I am coming: O wait, my world!  
I will wave, ye shall follow, the guidons  
Faint hands in defeat have furled.  
I pause but to fondle and finger  
The gifts that the gods have flung;  
In their garden of lilies I linger—  
I am young, harsh hearts, young!

There is no love like my loving;  
New-bathed in the fount of truth,  
Heart baring and hand ungloving,  
In the passionate pledge of youth,  
I move in the dreamlight splendor  
Of a soul to ecstasy stung—  
An ardor, a wild surrender  
None know but the young, the young!

The pain of my heart escapes me  
In a bitter exceeding cry;  
I writhe in the hand that shapes me:  
Stop, stop, all ye that pass by!  
What sorrow is like the sorrow  
From my fresh heart's richness wrung?  
Ye deceive me with no to-morrow—  
I am young, ah misery, young!

Ye pallid and wise and wizen,  
Whose day and whose life is done,  
I shall sit by your side in my season,  
And knit in the wintry sun.  
I doubted it once in my boldness,  
Ah, pity of God! for, see—  
Though I shall grow old with your oldness,  
None ever was young like me!

In July Harper's Magazine.



## VANDERBILT VS. BELMONT

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

A SOCIAL crisis of the utmost importance is upon us; beneath the placid exterior, the cold and haughty demeanor, as it were.

"Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

there is bubbling and seething a very Pelée of emotions which are liable to erupt at any moment and impel the impending crisis to its climax. For those representatives of the American caste of V. de V.—W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., and the ex-Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., (now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont)—are to meet.

But if this were all, there would be nothing to tell, for this is not their first meeting since Mrs. W. K. has had a right to the privileges and perquisites of an ex-wife; but alas! whereas in these former meetings the ex-Mrs. Vanderbilt has had the moral and social support of Mr. O. H. P. Belmont and W. K., Sr. has, so to speak, been all by his lonely, in this encounter the tables will be turned, for W. K., Sr. comes full panoplied to the fray, supported nobly by his new wife, in Paris gowns, with fire in her eye.

The O. H. P. Belmonts are all very well; they might even interpolate a few more initials and hyphenate their last name; but the Vanderbilts, the Vanderbilts, Sr.,—well, to be slangy and terse, they are "It."

Now, what are the Vanderbilts, Sr., going to do? That is the burning question of the hour. Will they "lay low," like Brer Fox, until a fitting time and then spring a *coup de société*, beside which the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, 1851, will shine like a candle-lantern beside an electric head-light, or will they proceed at once to annihilate the Belmonts and paralyze the Astors?

Until this question is settled how can we eat or sleep? What are boodlers and bank-robbers and Kishineff aftermaths and race questions and comets and World's Fairs and Kansas crops and mosquitos and unfiltered water to us? And what will the Sunday magazine sections do about it? Will they show us the new Mrs. Vanderbilt in her very newest "confection," sweeping haughtily past the ex-Mrs. Vanderbilt in a passé "dream" at least a week behind the style? Will the new Mrs. Vanderbilt wear a life-like expression akin to that of the bad little girl when she "switches" her skirts past the other little girl who sticks out her tongue? Will they show us Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in an automobile going eighty miles an hour and the new Mrs. Vanderbilt in an auto-airship majestically waving her *mouchoir*, in a Cleopatra-on-the-Nile pose, at the rate of eighty-seven and a half miles an hour? Will we know all about their rival luncheons and monkey parties and poodle teas and parrot symposiums?

And how soon will we know it?

The world waits on tiptoe, the breath of progress is held, thrones forget to tremble, even nature prolongs the quiescence of the dog-days until we know that the social war of the Vanderbilts is fought to a finish and which beat.

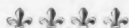
Not only will the settlement of the burning issue decide which is to be the reigning house in the female line—the Vanderbilt, Sr., or the ex-Vanderbilt—but a precedent will be established by means of which a "Social Code for the Use and Instruction of Divorced People" may be formulated and accepted as the Court of Final Resort in all those little perplexities that come up in our various matrimonial complications.

We will know under what circumstances it will be proper to greet our former husbands' wives with an icy stare and when to patronize and when to be sympathetic. We will be at rest as to when they have

the right of precedence at a dinner and when it is our prerogative to have the hall flunkey indicate to them the location and size of the front door.

Thus will we amicably and with no display of rudeness or vulgar temper be enabled to adjust ourselves to social conditions, where erstwhile prejudice was rampant and clashing were eternal. Once the Vanderbilts settle this thing, it will be settled, the code will be established and with no embarrassment, except, of course, among the vulgar herd, ye!pt the people, we will go on our soul-elevating way at peace with all the world and in polite tolerance of our former husbands and wives and their various new matrimonial entanglements.

Vive Vanderbilt!



## WALL STREET TROUBLES

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

THERE have been sensational doings in the Wall street market in the last few weeks. Under heavy and persistent selling pressure, prices have crumbled away all along the line, and to an alarming extent. At the present writing, they are, in some instances, the lowest since 1897. The tremendous liquidation in such meritorious issues as New York Central, Pennsylvania, Illinois Central, St. Paul and Northwestern common must be looked upon with extreme disquietude, not alone by people immediately interested, but by the financial and commercial community in general.

This outpour of stocks, which has been in progress for several months, was the outgrowth, chiefly, of the growing feeling of suspicion in investment circles in regard to the stability of industrial conditions and the legitimacy of recent security values. Bearish tactics alone cannot be considered responsible for these stock market convulsions. Gold exports to Germany, France and Argentina, a tightening of money-rates, the scandalizing disclosures in connection with a few of Morgan's trust-promotions, dissensions among various market-cliques, the rather perilous state of the New York Associated Banks, and last, but not least, the vast mass of "undigested" securities waiting to be sold, have been the factors weakening public confidence and undermining the foundations of the market.

There is "something rotten in Denmark." The great bear-cliques in Wall street would never have dared to hammer values as they did if they had not been, or were not, in possession of secret information of sufficient weight and significance to warrant their operations *à la baisse*. It is generally, and with some good reason, assumed that the Rockefeller or Standard Oil interests are the head and front of the bear movement. Some time ago, it was announced that Jno. D. Rockefeller, Jr., had resigned from a leading financial institution in New York. Astute observers promptly declared, at the time, that this resignation meant trouble for the stock market. The course of events since then has tended to justify this theory. For it was the Rockefeller issues which led the break, and suffered the most from uninterrupted and reckless liquidation.

The Rockefellers and Goulds are fighting the Morgan-Hill-Cassatt combination. This is the belief most firmly held in commonly well-informed and close-observing quarters. Mr. Geo. J. Gould's pluck and shrewdness displayed in the extension of the Wabash-Missouri-Pacific-Denver and Rio Grande system to tide-water at Baltimore created bad blood in Pennsylvania Railroad circles, and led to such vicious measures of retaliation as the wholesale destruction of Western Union telegraph poles and wires along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, after the latter had refused to renew its contract for telegraphic service with the Gould concern.

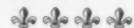
This fight of financial giants is, however, but an inci-

dent of the bear campaign in Wall street. But for the existence of the various other depressing factors above enumerated, the Rockefellers would not have succeeded in knocking down values as much as they did. If they instructed their brokers to sell everything in sight, they knew full well that selling operations were in order and would have all the effect desired. As soon as the Rockefeller brokers began to unload, the anxiety to liquidate at any old price at once manifested itself. The best railroad and industrial shares wavered and "slumped" under the avalanche of offerings. One weak account after the other was thrown on the market as margins vanished away.

United States Steel and Amalgamated Copper issues have collapsed completely. They have justified all the statements and predictions heretofore made in the MIRROR regarding them. At the present writing, both sell at the lowest prices on record. The liquidation in them has been of the gilt-edged character. There is grave danger that, in the not remote future, a still more serious break-down will occur. The future course of United States Steel shares will have a good deal more than a merely indirect bearing upon security markets and business in general. The distilling process, which confronts the billion dollar trust, will have painful and far-reaching consequences. And don't you forget it.

To add to the discomfiture of bull cliques and investment-holders, the foreign exchange market reached a point where gold shipments could be made at a profit. These shipments started in the latter part of April, and continued up to about a week ago, the total efflux aggregating about \$32,000,000. With the crop-moving season approaching and their reserves abnormally low, the banks could not well afford to countenance these gold shipments, but they were helpless in the premises, owing to the strength in sterling exchange, and the desire of foreign financiers to "have their money back," which they lent us during the flush times of inflation, when every day brought forth a new trust.

It begins to look as if the New York banks would again have to call upon Mr. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, to organize "relief expeditions" in the fall, and to do something to keep Wall street affairs on an even keel. The "street" is badly worried; it is afraid that everything will go to the dogs unless something is done to alleviate the pangs of syndicates and to dilute the National currency. The financial interests need more money, and lots of it. This is the reason why they clamor for what Congressman Cannon, with grim facetiousness, calls a "rubber" currency. Will they get it? It does not seem likely, in spite of the President's earnest desire to have some currency legislation enacted during the extra session he intends to call in November.



## HOW TO KEEP COOL

"HOW do you manage to keep cool?" one man asked another, as they walked along Griswold street.

"Why, it is very easy," was the reply. "I go to bed early with the windows wide open, and I get up early in the morning. I take a cold sponge bath and eat a light breakfast—not hot food and no meat at any meal. I walk slowly to the car, being careful to keep on the shady side of the street at all times. I never look at a thermometer or a weather prognostication. My wife keeps the windows closed at home and the curtains drawn during the day, and we do the same at the office as far as possible. I have cut out tea and coffee, and I drink no water and very little milk at my meals. I take a glass of water in the middle of the forenoon, another in the middle of the after-

noon, and the third just before going to bed. The water is not iced, either. I don't allow ice cream and iced melons in the house. I do not touch beer, whisky, soda water or anything of that kind. And I have stopped smoking, because it heats the blood."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'd rather be hot."



## A MAN OF THE WORLD

HOW HE TOLD A THRILLING STORY.

"WELL, I s'pose Lady St. Orme must be a year or so older than her daughter, but I'm dashed if she looks it!"

These words, drawled in an accent of the weariest boredom, greeted the ears of Sir Hugh Ingleborough as he strolled into the omnibus box at Covent Garden. Glancing toward the box covered by the speaker's binocular, Sir Hugh saw that it was occupied by a brilliant brunette, all beaming with smiles, all scintillating with gems. By her side sat a pale, serious-looking girl, whose only ornament was a blush rose placed low among the coils of her abundant golden hair.

The society beauty had no attraction for his weary eyes. He had seen so many beauties of every type, of every clime, of every grade in the world's social scale, and in their arts and methods they seemed to him to resemble one another all the world over as closely as one pea in the closely-packed shell resembles its neighbor. But as his glance rested on the delicate outline of the girl's pure pale face, his whole being was suddenly pervaded by a burning sense of shame—shame of his lurid youth; shame of his wasted manhood; shame that now, when middle age was about to claim him among its ranks, his record should be of such a kind that he must necessarily acknowledge himself to be unworthy to kiss the hem of the spotless white robe that was an emblem of the youth and purity which it adorned.

When the curtain rose on "Pagliacci," Sir Hugh saw nothing of the eager crowd clamoring for places at the mimic theater, nothing of the stealthy tragedy of love and jealousy played in such grim deadly earnest. His thoughts had flown back through long years, to the time when he had cherished some noble inspirations, when he had believed that the love of a good woman might work out a man's redemption. All such beliefs had faded; he called them illusions now. His latter-day inspirations tended rather to evil than toward the great and grand. Old age was creeping on and before long—

Here the actor's heartbroken laugh and that bitter cry wrung from a tortured soul, "The comedy is finished," struck on his ear like an echo to his thoughts. The comedy of life would soon for him be ended, but when the curtain fell there would be neither tears nor plaudits—nothing but a cold, stony indifference, which he stoically allowed to be his due.

Sharing in the general movement, he rose and shook off the unwonted seriousness that had taken hold of him. Still he did not forget the pale delicate face that had aroused it, and when Lady St. Orme's carriage was called, he stood bareheaded beside the door ready to hand in the radiant beauty and her shy, retiring child.

"You will permit me to renew an old acquaintance?" he said.

Lady St. Orme started, frowned slightly, then immediately resumed her careless smile as she returned, "I am at home to my friends on Thursdays—four to six. This is my daughter, Yvonne. Yvonne, dear, let me introduce to you Sir Hugh Ingleborough. Will you

tell them 'Home,' please, Sir Hugh? We are not going on anywhere to-night."

And, with a cold shake of the hand from the beautiful mother and a startled glance from the shy blue eyes of the girl, Sir Hugh felt himself to be dismissed.

When, on the following Thursday, he presented himself at Lady St. Orme's house, he found the lovely widow alone.

"You look surprised," she said, offering him her hand.

"I am truly ashamed to have so far forgotten myself," he returned. "What right have I to be surprised at anything anyone chooses to do?"

"Every right, for you have found me out in a slight deviation from the truth. Of course, you can say that there is nothing surprising in that. But there is. I make it a rule never to tell a falsehood, however trifling, when the truth will answer my purpose quite as well."

"I rejoice to hear it. What is the especial little white lie that I am supposed to have discovered?"

"That this is not my day. Is it not sufficiently obvious?"

"Ah, of course. I see now that the rooms are empty. Pray pardon my want of perspicacity. Naturally the world flocks round you when you open your doors to it. May I know the reason for your pious fraud?"

"Certainly. I was sure that there was something which you wished to say to me, so I determined to give you an opportunity of unburdening your soul."

"Where did you learn to read so correctly the forward hearts of men?"

"Never mind that. Am I not right?"

"Ladies are invariably right. And even if they were not, he would be a daring man who would venture to point out the unpleasant fact."

"Why did you seek me out at the opera after all these years?"

"May not one renew an old acquaintance without being suspected of ulterior motives?"

"That depends upon who the one happens to be."

"I see. I do not share the proud position of Cæsar's wife. I was thinking, when my eyes were riveted on your box at the opera, how pleasant it would be to rub out all the record of the past and start fresh with a perfectly clean slate."

"Ah! If that could only be!"

"With your help it might easily be."

"Impossible! How ever could I help you to clean your slate?"

"By thinking of me as well as you can. By speaking of me better, alas, than I deserve."

"But to whom am I to sing your praises? To the world? It is so wide; I am afraid my poor little voice would not carry far enough."

"And you would also, I fear, be incurring unnecessary trouble. The world is so unbelieving. I should suggest limiting the communication to one who, I hope, will soon be all the world to me."

"And that one is—?"

"Your charming daughter, Yvonne."

Lady St. Orme half rose from her chair, and her hand reached, as though involuntarily, toward the bell. Then, with her strong habit of self-control, she forced the easy smile back to her lips, and, resuming her nonchalant attitude, said, "You do me honor to propose for the hand of my daughter?"

"Say, rather, that I humbly crave the honor of an alliance with your family."

"You seriously consider that you are a fitting suitor for the hand and heart of a young innocent girl?"

"Given the clean slate, yes. My future life shall be, I swear it, a record that an angel might peruse without a tear and without a blush."

"What guarantee is there that your future will be better than your past?"

"The guarantee that I have seen, with regret, the error of my ways."

"I do not think that one who has seen so much error in so many ways can be a fitting husband for my daughter. The alliance you do me the honor to propose has not, in any respect, my approbation."

"I do not ask for your approbation. I only desire your consent."

"And if I withhold it?"

"Well—in that case I should have to rake up a few old ashes of the past, ashes that might reasonably be supposed to have quite died out. There is nothing the general public enjoys so much as rekindling these extinct fires. Many, indeed, will crowd round to add their little faggot of reminiscence to the smouldering pile, and soon there arises a big volume of smoke thick enough to blacken a reputation that has hitherto been white as the driven snow."

"You are pleased to speak in riddles."

"Shall I unravel them? Do you care for history, ancient and modern?"

"If it be interesting."

"This, which I am about to relate, is of thrilling interest to me, and, no doubt, it will prove the same to you. Some years ago—I will not be so rude as to particularize—two young men, following the nature of their kind, felt that it behooved them to go out and kill something. In order that the killing should not be too banal, they elected as their victim the unoffending bear of the Rockies. When their lust for blood was in some measure stated, they extended their wanderings as far as the coast, and found themselves one fine day in San Francisco. Need I go on?"

"If you wish."

"Thanks. Then I will try. They were so unwise as to penetrate into the unsavory mysteries of a very low-class gambling saloon, enticed thither by the rumor that the wife of the proprietor was one of the most beautiful women ever seen. For once rumor did not lie. She did not even, like so many of her sex, exaggerate. My friend, always very inflammable, was too attentive to the regal beauty. Her husband naturally resented those attentions. There was a royal row, in which the visitors took sides. Knives and revolvers were much in evidence, and, presently, nobody seemed quite to know how, possibly because nobody much cared to investigate, the landlord was discovered to be at his last gasp. A bullet wound in his temple accounted for his condition. In that free-and-easy kind of society one ruffian more or less is of little consequence."

"We deemed it prudent to lie low for a while and some months after my friend turned up in London with an American wife whose extraordinary beauty was the nine days' wonder of society. The name of the happy bridegroom was Reginald Ironside St. Orme. His queenly wife, who might, from her haughty bearing, have been the descendant of a hundred earls, was—. But I see that my little attempt at story telling has not been quite unsuccessful. Indeed, I fear it has been almost unduly exciting."

Lady St. Orme had risen, and stood looking down upon him. One white hand was resting on the high mantelpiece, the other was nervously playing with a jeweled paper knife shaped like a dagger. From the deadly hatred which gleamed in her wondrous eyes, it seemed well for Sir Hugh that her weapon was only a pretty toy.

"You will tell this story to the world?"

"I should naturally be the last person to do so, if I were the husband of your daughter."



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"At first, through some foolish tenderness for my old chum. Later, through sheer indifference, alternating with a feeling of quiet amusement. There was something so piquant in seeing you the honored guest of our most exclusive dames, and in speculating as to what would happen if they only knew."

"In no other way can I buy your silence?"

"My silence, unfortunately, is not for sale."

The dagger, so tightly grasped, fell from her fingers to the floor. Her rigid bearing relaxed until her graceful form became a living poem of tender, earnest supplication.

"Think for a moment," she murmured. "A young girl can be no companion for a man of the world, versed in the world's ways, steeped to the neck in the world's traditions. You would tire of Yvonne in a week—tire of her cloying innocence, of her childish chatter, of her inexperience, her want of tact. One who has known the storm and stress of life is more fitted to be your companion, one who could amuse and interest with her conversation, who could receive your guests with fitting distinction, who could satisfy your eyes with her beauty and your soul with her never-failing love."

Never had her golden voice sounded more seductive. Never had her regal form bent from its proud height in such an utter abandonment of supplication.

As though to enjoy her abasement to the full, Sir Hugh looked at her coolly and critically. Then he slowly shook his head.

"No. The temptation you lay before me is, I confess, tremendously strong, but I will be firm and resist it. I have encountered many beauties of ripe experience. There has always been so little variety in the arts they practiced. The innocence, the unworldliness, the childish chatter you warn me against so eloquently will have, for me, the exquisite charm of novelty. I can discuss no compromise, no substitute. Yvonne for my wife or an old tale retold. That is my ultimatum."

She trod the costly dagger under her foot in her impotent rage.

"You are a coward," she hissed.

"Very possibly. There are few among us who are not afraid of something."

"There is a law to punish the blackmailer. I will call in its aid."

"My dear lady! The blackmailer invariably pursues his trade for his own personal profit. No jury would convict for blackmail a man who offered to clothe and house and feed his enemy's daughter."

"You are inexorable in your purpose."

"Perfectly inexorable."

"So be it, then. I defy you!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that rather than deliver up my child into your hands I would beg my bread with her from door to door. Could you not be warned in time? Could you not see that by offering myself in her place I was drinking the cup of humiliation to its bitterest dregs? I was willing to submit to this degradation for her dear sake, though I thank God that you rejected my offer. But I swear that Yvonne shall never be your wife. Do your worst. When you shall have completed your cruel work, and, by denouncing me to the world, have ruined my daughter's future, we can hide ourselves far away from the world's contempt, and in my daughter's clinging affection I shall find a joy and a blessing that you, in your triumphant cruelty, can never hope to know."

"That is your last word?"

"That is my very last word."

As they stood facing each other, she proudly defiant, he coolly contemptuous, a servant announced "Her Grace the Duchess of Rotherham and Lady Drinkwater."

"Two of society's rulers," murmured Sir Hugh. "They have but to depress their aristocratic thumbs and a reputation dies."

Lady St. Orme, trembling in every limb, advanced to meet her guests. When greetings had been exchanged, the glances of the newcomers fell upon Sir Hugh.

"How charming to meet you!" purred the Duchess. "What have you been slaughtering lately. Big game? How very nice. Then, I suppose, you are covered with trophies—skins, and tusks, and delightful things of that kind?"

"And your first visit after your return is to our dear Lady St. Orme? We shall all be quite jealous."

This from Lady Drinkwater.

"Oh, Lady St. Orme and I are such old friends," said Sir Hugh. "We met, years ago, in America."

"Ah, yes, of course. Lady St. Orme's people had a big ranch out in the Far West. That is just the sort of life that would suit me. So primitive and poetical, you know," sighed the Duchess.

Lady St. Orme bent her head in response. She was unable to speak.

"And was it on this ranch, Sir Hugh, that you met?"

"No, not exactly. In point of fact, I never saw the ranch you mention. It was at San Francisco that we first saw each other. Reggie St. Orme and I, like the couple of young asses we were, found ourselves one night in a gambling saloon."

The regal head was bending lower and lower, and the white hands were tightly clenched.

"As was only to be expected, in such surroundings, we got into a row—a regular stand-up fight. Knives, six-shooters, bottles, anything that came first to hand. Reggie, as usual, came out on top, but I was badly cut about the head. An annoying sort of fever followed on these wounds, and I fancy that altogether I was fairly near pegging out for good. But I fell into excellent hands. I was pulled through entirely by clever nursing, and the good Samaritan who performed the somewhat thankless task is before you at this moment in the person of Lady St. Orme."

"How truly charming. I often wish that there had been some romantic episodes to brighten my career," said the Duchess. "My past has been so terribly prosaic."

"Then you have much to be thankful for. Old, forgotten follies and romances have an uncomfortable way of starting up to confront one at most unexpected and inconvenient moments. But now I fear I must tear myself away. Permit me, ladies, most respectfully to take my leave. Good bye, Lady St. Orme. A long, long good bye. It will be many years ere I see you again. I am off to Africa very shortly in search of more big game before it is all exterminated by the devastating march of civilization."

To his dying day—and perhaps it may comfort him then—he will never forget the look of gratitude shining in the brilliant eyes that fixed themselves upon his face in mute benediction as he bowed himself out of the room.

From the New Yorker.

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### WORLD'S FAIR AND SOCIETY

St. Louis hospitality will not only be severely taxed but brilliantly attested during the coming World's Fair. Those who conduct the social movement of the city are already preparing their houses for the entertainment of guests during the entire life of the Fair. Hospitality on a large scale will be dispensed by society with the same dignity and fitness of things displayed on less conspicuous occasions. Everywhere in the fashionable sections of the West and South ends there are evidences of preparations for a general and generous "house warming," beginning next Spring. If half the stories are true, as to what society intends to do about keeping open house during the Fair, then the glories of the hospitality of St. Louis will be chanted forever.

Of course, Mayor Rolla Wells, as the first citizen, started the ball by turning over his beautiful Lindell Boulevard home to the architects for enlargement and overhauling. Mayor and Mrs. Wells will entertain principally the most noted dignitaries who visit the Fair, beginning with the opening festivities.

President D. R. Francis' residence in Maryland avenue is more like a castle now than a private home and offers facility for extensive entertaining, such as will be expected of the World's Fair President. Mr. and Mrs. Francis will divide with Mr. and Mrs. Wells the honor of throwing open their houses to the most notable and nationally important World's Fair guests.

Mr. Adolphus Busch's baronial estate in South St. Louis will soon be in a state of remodeling for unbounded liberality in entertaining. Mr. August A. Busch will assist his father in keeping up the reputation of "great host," for he has just bought the old Grant farm on the Gravois road and will erect at once a magnificent and spacious mansion of not less than 50 rooms, arranged in suite style and sumptuously furnished. His stables will be the finest this side of New York. There will be horses and vehicles of every description, for Mr. Busch's Fair guests to use at their pleasure. The new Busch residence will be ready for occupancy in time for the Fair. This leaves the somewhat smaller residence in Busch Place at the elder Mr. Busch's disposal, and as soon as it is vacated by his son it will be put in shape for his guests. Among Mr. and Mrs. Busch's permanent visitors will be the Von Gontards, who are coming over for the first time since the memorable marriage of Clara Busch to the handsome iron manufacturer, Lieutenant Edward Scharrer, and his father, one of the wealthiest malt consignors of Cannstadt, Wuertemberg, the Anton Busches, several members of the Anheuser and Fehrs families, of Creuznach, Germany, and the Hugo Reisingers, of New York, will remain several months.

Pierre Chouteau, who is one of the vice-presidents of the World's Fair, has just taken a house in Maryland avenue, which he is getting ready for entertaining guests. Miss Lucille Chouteau will be with her father during the six months of the Fair to help him in his duties as one of the leading social hosts. Mr.

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My Dear Wife:

"I am in the Library Car on the Knickerbocker. Is it not wonderful that I can write a letter while the train is running 50 miles an hour? The track is very smooth."

TICKET OFFICE,

Broadway and Chestnut Street,  
C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A., ST. LOUIS.

Charles Henshaw will be his permanent guest.

Dr. Herrman Tuholske, who is now at Atlantic City with his family, is pushing along the erection of his new and palatial residence at Taylor avenue and Olive street. It will be amply provided with guest chambers, as the Doctor has invited several noted Berlin physicians, whose hospitality he enjoyed two years ago, to be his guests during the Medical Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Azby Chouteau have rented a pretty residence in Washington Boulevard, where they will entertain some charming California and State of Washington people, who will visit the Fair.

Major and Mrs. Samuel Pangbourne of Baltimore, are now looking for a permanent residence in a fashionable section of the West End, as they expect to be located here during the coming fall and winter, as well as during the Fair. Their daughter, the lovely Miss Marie Pangbourne, who has been lavishly entertained in exclusive circles ever since she came here for the Dedication exercises, will be one of the charming hostesses of the winter season.

Mr. Samuel M. Dodd is making handsome improvements in the D. D. Walker residence in Vandeventer Place, which he has just bought. He will have a house full of guests during the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. John David Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Niedringhaus are making interior alterations in their Vandeventer Place homes to accommodate house parties, which they will freely give during next year.

The large and sumptuously appointed residence of Mr. H. Clay Pierce is already in ideal condition for the housing of valued guests. Mrs. Eben Richards will assist her father in dispensing the Fair hospitalities.

Next door Colonel and Mrs. Richard C. Kerens are preparing for a heavy draft upon their hospitalities from the beginning to the end of the Fair. Their permanent house party will include Colonel and Mrs. Frank McKenna and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kenna, of Chicago. Senator Stephen B. Elkins, Mrs. Elkins and the charming Miss Katherine Elkins, as well as the latter's most particular girl chum, Miss Helen Cooke, who is one of the belles of the National Capital, Chief Justice McKenna and his beautiful daughter, Marie McKenna, will be among the World's Fair guests of the Kerenses. Some of the members of Cardinal Gibbons' party, who are to be here soon after the opening, have accepted Col. Kerens' invitation to be his house guests. With the Cardinal's party will come the Reverend Father Henry, of New York, who was ordained last All Saints Day. He is a brother of Mrs. Vincent Kerens, whose pretty home in Lindell Boulevard will be thrown open for the entertainment of members of her family and Eastern college friends of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Faust and Mrs. A. D. Giannini will return from Europe in September and immediately set about looking for a West End or South Side residence to prepare it for their World's Fair guests, among whom will be Mr.

## CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

\$27.00

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Washington, D. C., New York City and  
Fall River Line. All rail \$1.00 more.

Lv. St. Louis—Big Four Route.  
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Through Sleepers, Dining Cars and Observation  
Cars. The grandest scenery East of the Rockies.  
Berths on trains and ships reserved in advance.

LIBERAL STOP-OVERS at White Sulphur Springs, Old Point Comfort, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Niagara Falls.

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Washington, Baltimore and Ocean Steamer,  
including Meals and State Room Berth  
on Steamer both going and returning.  
3 days on ship each way.

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AND RETURN

VIA

Richmond, Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, and Ocean  
Steamer to New York City. Fall River Line to  
Boston, including Meals and State Room Berth  
between Norfolk and New York both ways.  
2 days on ship each way.

ALL OF THE TICKETS to Boston and return  
mentioned here will be sold good going July 1st, 2d,  
3d, 4th and 5th, and will be good to leave Boston  
returning not earlier than July 8th, nor later than  
July 12th, but the return limit can be extended to  
September 1st.

YOU CAN GO to Boston by any railroad you  
wish and return by any other one using the Big Four  
Route and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. one way, this  
will cost more than to go and come the same route,  
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Not necessary to learn to play any instrument. Buy the new  
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chestra, violin, piano, cornet and the human voice.

THE DISC GRAPHOPHONE IS MADE IN THREE TYPES,

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7-inch records, 50 cents each;  
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The Civic Improvement League is helping to make St. Louis a  
better place in which to live. Are you?

It is creating a public sentiment in favor of better administration of  
municipal affairs without in any way invading the domain of politics.  
Are you in sympathy with the movement?

Any resident of St. Louis is eligible to membership in the League.  
If you want full information as to how to become identified with the  
movement, fill out the following blank and send it to the office of the  
Secretary, 605 Colonial Trust Building.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

EARL LAYMAN,  
Secretary.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON,  
President.

(Cut this out.)



and Mrs. Carl Uhl, of the Hotel Bristol, Berlin. They will be accompanied by little Miss Alice Uhl, named in honor of Miss Alice Roosevelt. The little German miss will be presented at the White House to the President's daughter before she returns home.

During the absence of Miss Julia Cabanne in Cuba this winter, the Cabanne home, in Berlin avenue, will be remodeled to prepare for an assembling of all the members of the Cabanne family during the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Benoist, who have been in Southern France all summer, are returning to the home of Mrs. Benoist's mother, Mrs. Peter L. Foy, in Lindell Boulevard. Mrs. Foy's health will not permit of extensive entertaining, but her daughters and members of the family will be with her from time to time. Mr. and Mrs. Healy, of New York, will be among Mrs. Foy's early World's Fair guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius S. Walsh have already arranged for a number of house parties at an early fair date. Mrs. Walsh will leave in a day or two for the North to be absent all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lilburn McNair will never be without guests at their lovely country home near Clayton. Mr. McNair's hospitality is construed after the old English custom, which permits guests to come and go at their pleasure. He expresses it by saying that "a dozen latch keys will not be too many to distribute among his visitors," large parties of which he expects to have with him all during the Fair.

The William C. Littles and the Judge McKeighans contemplate filling their suburban homes with friends of the family. Mr. George R. Peck, of Chicago, and the Messrs. Rossington and Blood, of Chicago, and their families will be among Judge McKeighan's guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Studdiford are enlarging their already spacious new country home near Normandy to accommodate all the guests they have invited to their hospitable roof during 1904.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence Blair are putting "Airdrie," their beautiful Kirkwood home, in shape to house not less than a dozen visitors at a time comfortably.

Mrs. George Castleman, who is now traveling in Europe with Miss Margot Postlewaite, will be one of the most liberal of the World's Fair hostesses. Her brother, Mr. Ben Cable and family, are to be among her permanent house guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Dameron will keep open house both in the city and at Columbia, Mo., from which place Mr. Dameron will drive coaching parties into St. Louis, composed of his World's Fair visitors.

The Delmar avenue home of the John N. Drummonds, and the beautiful Vandeventer residence of the Harrison I. Drummonds will undergo interior alterations to permit generous hospitality during the World's Fair. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Drummond will have a number of their Dobbs' Ferry neighbors as their guests at different periods of the Fair.

Every apartment in the St. Louis Club has been engaged for the Fair season, and preparations are being made for the comfort of the club's resident members, who will have the privilege of inviting friends from out-of-town to share their quarters, if they wish. This hospitality will be restricted to visitors from abroad, who are fortunate enough to possess friendly or family relations with the resident members of the club.



#### SOME POLITICS

What has become of the boom for "Mont" Cochran for Governor? Likewise, the boom for David A. De Armond? Ditto the incipient boom for Champ Clark? "Where are the snows of yester-year?" "Jim" Reed of Kansas City has only the shadow of a boom. Sam Cook is still groggy, as a result of the Speed-Lyons boodle story. We hear a little talk of a boom for Harry Hawes, but Harry wouldn't be in Europe if he wanted to be Governor. Judge Gantt is put out, or has put himself out as a feeler. There's nobody in the race today but Folk. In my opinion, he started too soon, and will exhaust himself before he gets into the stretch. There's more talk for Folk than there are votes in a convention for him. He's popular, but the machine will control the primaries. If I were sizing up his chances after the racing formula, I should say that he was about a five to six shot. He can't carry the delegations of St. Louis, Kansas City and St. Joseph. These three delegations will trade off anything to beat him. They will be solid against him in the convention—as things look now.

I hear it said that the cards are stacked to put Mr. Richard C. Kerens out of business as National Republican Committeeman from Missouri. That isn't good news, but it's true news, I fear. Mr. Kerens is too easy. He is surrounded either by people who don't know politics or those who are always ready to sell him out. He's too good a friend. He stood by Lobster Davis when he should have dropped him. He stood by Postmaster Baumhoff in St. Louis when all the evidence justified him in laying down. He has fed and carried a lot of fellows who are ready to pull away from him. He isn't necessary to Roosevelt now. Roosevelt has no opposition for nomination, and Mr. Kerens cannot be of material use to him. Along comes the story that Postmaster-General Payne has cut loose from Kerens. This may or may not be true, but Payne has to save himself with Roosevelt, and Roosevelt never particularly liked Mr. Kerens. And who is to succeed Kerens as National Committeeman? Corwin H. Spencer is the tip. Spencer is a nice, dainty man. He has the coin. He doesn't know politics for a cent. He's a World's Fair mogul. He's a friend of David R. Francis. And if there's any other reason for his sudden political protrusion above the surface I don't know it. Still, he's a good fellow, and I wish him luck, though I can't help thinking that the Republicans will touch the bottom of ingratitude if they turn down Mr. Kerens after macing him heavily for an empty honor year after year.

#### SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European artists that were brought to this country for his yearling show at Forest Park. The show has never been so good. The High School is a sample of the rare excellence of programme to be in

#### NOBLE WORK

The Civic Improvement League will, this year, through its Play-ards Committee, in addition to the play-ards, have the best possible summer so as to keep the children off the streets. The direct re-

#### Works of Art in

Paintings, Etchings,  
Water Colors, Bronzes,  
Favrile Glass, Etc.

*The Noonan-Kocian Company*

617 Locust Street, St. Louis

#### Sprague's Colonial Restaurant,

BROADWAY AND LOCUST STREET.

is now conducted as a Lunch  
Room, with Popular Prices.

#### "A Sublime Spectacle"

#### NIAGARA FALLS

One of the natural wonders of the world. A charming place at any season of the year, reached from every direction by the

#### NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

A visit to the Falls is an object lesson in geography; an exhibition of landscapes that no painter can equal, and a glimpse of the latest developments of the industrial world.

A copy of "America's Summer Resorts," will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

#### CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Type-writing Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewellery Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

#### SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

Unusually low rates to Colorado, Yellowstone Park, California and great northwest. Descriptive matter and full particulars Union Pacific R. R. Co., 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.



## Camel Borax



—BE SURE YOU GET THE—  
**CAMEL BORAX**  
if you want to clear your house of  
Moths, Bugs and Roaches. 85 re-  
cipes in every package.

For Sale at all First  
Class St. Louis Grocers.

### SOCIETY

The most important of the summer engagements of interest to St. Louis society is that of Miss Margaret Young, youngest daughter of General S. B. M. Young, to First Lieutenant J. R. R. Hannay, of the Twenty-second Infantry. Miss Young is a graduate of Bishop Robertson Hall, where she pursued her studies during her father's absence in the Philippines. The wedding will take place in Washington, D. C., the latter part of November.

The present warm spell has driven away all of the stay-at-homes, who so far withstood the allurements of mountain and sea-side resorts. By August 1st only the very busiest of the summer widowers will be left to wrestle with palm-leaf fan, mint julep and automobile.

Zach W. Tinker, who has sent Mrs. Tinker and his daughter, Miss Carrie Tinker, to Seabright, N. J., where he will soon purchase a lovely seaside home, is now the owner of a handsome automobile, which he is already handling with deftness and assurance.

Lilburn McNair is trying to make himself comfortable, while Mrs. McNair and the children enjoy the cool breezes of Point-au-Barques, Mich., at the McNair summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Kotany have gone to their summer home at Magnolia Beach.

The Edward Tutts, with Miss Erwin Tutts, are at Buzzard's Bay, where they have a pretty cottage. They will not return to the city till next October.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Lawrence, with their grand-daughter, Miss Vera Siegrist, are at their seaside home at Narragansett Pier.

Dr. and Mrs. Herman Tuholske and Dr. and Mrs. Jonas, after a four weeks' stay at Saratoga, have gone to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Greeley and children are at Old Orchard Beach. The Greeleys will come back to St. Louis this fall and reopen their West Pine street house.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd G. Harris are at Waukesha, Wis., and later will go from there to the more Northern lake resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodman King have returned from their Oriental journey after an absence of four months.

The Howard Benoists are on their way back from Europe on account of the ill-health of Mrs. Peter L. Foy, Mrs. Benoist's mother.

Mrs. J. J. O'Fallon's dinner at the Country Club, prior to her departure for Port Colburn, was the smart event of last week. The dinner was for sixty ladies, who were conveyed to the club house in private cars. Among Mrs. O'Fallon's guests were Mes. Charles Scudder, H. M. French, S. M. Kennard, J. E. Liggett, M. R. Collins and E. S. Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Fling and daughter, of Washington boulevard, are at the Chicago Beach for the summer.



His wife: "Goodness, Tom, I can't find room for those things of yours." Tom: "You can if you try, darling. You should have seen the trunks that mother used to pack." And Tom then remembered how careful mother always was to add an extra pair of Swope shoes, and how enthusiastically she used to praise their qualities. She well knew Swope's shoes to be the best in fit, finish and durability. They are for sale at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, U. S. A.



### "SOCIETY" OF THE FUTURE

It is rumored that Miss Myrtle Roxleigh and Mr. Wadsworth McMoneys are to be married this month. Miss Roxleigh, it will be remembered, had her maiden name restored last April, when she was divorced from Mr. Richmond Banks. Before her marriage to Mr. Banks she was Mrs. Willie Trimble, having separated from Mr. Trimble in order to permit him and Miss Gladys Longhreen to marry. Society still remembers with pleasure the delightful house parties Miss Roxleigh gave before her divorce from her first husband, Mr. Buffington Spuds, and it is hoped that after her coming marriage the lady will return to her former style of entertaining. Mr. McMoneys has never been married very much, having been divorced twice. His first wife is now the popular Mrs. Craigford Stillington. The lady who succeeded her as Mrs. McMoneys, is, we believe, engaged to Mr. Lottosn Gobbs, the latter having figured as the co-respondent in her divorce case, which was decided last week.—Chicago Record-Herald.



### ANCIENT INSURANCE

Juvenal in his satires mentions a remarkable business that was carried on in ancient Rome. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene of conflagration attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools. He judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owner, who was, as a rule, glad to accept anything. The bargain struck in all haste, this earliest of fire insurers set his slaves instantly to work and secured what he could. Sometimes he even put out the flames and so made a coup. It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances. It was in this way that Crassus laid the foundation of his great wealth. He gradually collected a force of slaves trained as carpenters, masons and such artificers, which finally reached five hundred men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but he also made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals, it is said, were commonly welcome, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. Thus it was that Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.



### STRANGE TASTES

The first Lord Ampthill once called upon Bismarck, and, while he waited in an ante-room before being received by the German chancellor, out came Count Harry Arnim, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he said, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When the Englishman en-

## POMMERY CHAMPAGNE



is always found at  
social functions where  
care is given to  
the selection of  
the choicest wines.

CHARLES GRAEF & CO.,  
Sole Agents for United States,  
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WE MAKE THEM,  
WHAT?  
**UMBRELLAS,**  
PARASOLS and CANES.  
IT'S FROM  
FACTORY  
TO YOU.



A SAVING  
WORTH TAKING  
**519**  
**LOCUST**

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

tered the apartment, he found Bismarck apparently gasping for breath at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have," the chancellor said; "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I could stand it no longer, and had to open the window."



### HER HEART BEAT

During Ethel Barrymore's last engagement in Chicago she was invited to an after-theater performance dinner. The hostess and a number of her guests occupied boxes at the play. Among these was a rather fresh young man, who thought he had made an impression on Miss Barrymore. He kept his eyes on her throughout the play, and tried hard to create the impression that she noticed it. At the dinner he had the good fortune to sit next to the actress. When an opportunity came he remarked to her under his breath: "Did you see me wink at you during the third act?" "Yes," responded Miss Barrymore, in a louder tone, "didn't you hear my heart beat?"



### THE DIFFERENCE

When Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was a very young priest, he was stationed at a parish in St. Louis, where Archbishop Kenrick presided over the diocese. The latter lived in a very small, unpretentious house, scarcely in keeping with his position in the church.

One day when Father Ryan was passing the house of the archbishop, accompanied by a Chicago priest, who was visiting the Mound City, he pointed out the house as the residence of the head of the local church. The

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

### Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE **St. Nicholas Hotel**

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

### BENTON COLLEGE OF LAW, N. E. COR. GRAND AND FRANKLIN AVES.

Thirteen Instructors. Three years' course, leading to the degree of LL. B. Students may have day employment and attend lectures at night. Diploma admits to the Bar of Missouri. Next session opens September 14th, 1903. For catalogue, address

GEORGE L. CORLIS, Dean,  
402 Commercial Building, St. Louis, Mo

Chicago priest said with surprise:

"Why, you should see the splendid residence we have in Chicago for our archbishop!"

"Yes," responded Father Ryan, but you should see the splendid archbishop we have in St. Louis for our residence." —New York Times.



### THE ANGRY SHARK

The man with the wooden leg was swimming boldly through the water beyond the life-line. A hungry shark beneath the surface saw him and swam silently to where he was splashing about. With a quick gulp the shark took off one of his legs—the wooden one. Lashing its sides with its tail and ejecting the splinters from its mouth, the shark hurried away growling:

"That's the second time this year I've been up against this new-fangled breakfast food."



## SUMMER SHOWS

"Way up East," this week's attraction at Delmar Garden, is a boisterous farce, which seems to please mightily. It is, in some places, diaphanously thin, and the wit is not always of the really laughable sort. Yet the thing goes, because it makes a strong appeal to the fancy of summer-theater auditors. The specialties are quite clever in their way, and generously distributed. For next week, "The Gezer" is announced.

Col. Hopkins' amusement resort, the Highlands, is doing a big business this week. And for good reasons. There are things on the programme, than which nothing better has been seen so far this season at this popular garden. Clever and giddy Papinta is, of course, the chief attraction. She gives a flavor of charm and piquancy to the performances. But there is also Rose Naynon, with her many trained winged friends—parrots and doves, who do some amazingly ingenious tricks. This bird scene is something well worth seeing. The Piccolo midgets, and the Rlanos, acrobats, are also on hand to delight audiences. Some unusually good novelties are promised for next week. On Thursday evening this week, the Retail Drugists, and Friday evening, July 31st, the Office Men's Club has its outing at Forest Park Highlands. George Primrose will be the head-liner next week.

Large crowds are the rule at the Suburban Garden this week. The Innes concerts are thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by music-lovers. The programmes are invariably made up of both classic and popular numbers. Mr. Innes is, unquestionably, the band-master par excellence. For the sensation-hunter, "Marvellous Marsh" fills the bill. He rides, jumps and dives in a fashion the like of which has never been seen before in this town. For the week beginning August 9, vaude-



Looking at it legally.

Is it best to lie on the right side, or the other side? If one is on the right side, it isn't necessary to lie at all.

We're on the right side—this 5th anniversary sale is cutting prices just as we say it is. No need to lie about it at all.

Our ads promise \$50.00 and \$45.00 suitings for \$33; \$28.00 and \$25.00 suitings for \$20; \$15, \$14 and \$12 trouserings for \$10 and \$7, and \$6 trouserings for \$5; and when you get to our store we perform what the ads promise. Stop performing this Saturday, though.

**MacCARTHY-EVANS  
TAILORING CO.**

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The Post Office is Opposite

**FIVE  
HEADQUARTERS  
FOR  
GOD  
GAS  
GODS**

1433 SALISBURY

710 N. TAYLOR

**The New Process  
GAS RANGE  
1011 Olive  
—THE—  
Perfect Gas Range**

2229 S. BROADWAY

2249 S. GRAND



ville of a high class, and Innes' "War and Peace," are announced.

"As You Like It," is Koerner's drawing card this week. The Lawrence Hanley Stock Company is, perhaps, at its best in this beautiful Shakespearian play, which is neatly and adequately mounted. Miss Angeline Pullis, a young St. Louis lady, of marked histrionic talent, essays the role of Rosalind with considerable success. Mr. Hanley appears as Orlando, and impersonates this somewhat difficult part in praiseworthy fashion.

## RACE TRACK PROFITS

Capt. P. J. Carmody has undertaken the promotion of the Union Jockey Club of this city, and subscriptions to the stock thereof are now being received at his office in the Missouri Trust Building. The ground for the track has been purchased, and work will soon begin. A race track as an investment is a new thing in St. Louis, although the existing tracks are well known to be big money-makers. Capt. Carmody, when the new track shall have been completed, will ask for dates, and all talk to the contrary notwithstanding, he will get them. He will only ask for thirty days, but in those thirty days he intends to give nothing but the very highest class of racing, somewhat along the lines of the meetings conducted at Washington Park, Chicago. His list of subscribers to the stock is an imposing one. The names represent a force in St. Louis that the opposition will not want to come in conflict with. There will be enough power behind Capt. Carmody to force the Western Jockey Club organization to listen to his plea. The prospects of the club as a racing venture are excellent, but prospective subscribers may wish to know what are the prospects as a business venture. The promoter has gone over the business feature carefully and presents estimates of receipts and expenditures that are convincing on their face. These estimates are figured on the basis of the business done in thirty days of racing at Washington Park. The table is as follows:

	Estimate of Receipts.
3,000 paid admissions per day.	\$ 90,000
20 bookmakers, \$100 each	60,000
Field books	12,000
Bookmakers' fee for sixth race	15,000
Western Union Telegraph service	15,000
Bar, restaurant, fruit and lunch	9,000
Programmes	3,000
Admission to paddock	3,000

Run-up money in selling races	3,000
Messengers in grandstand	1,500
Ring supplies for bookmakers	1,500

Total ..... \$213,000  
Expenditures, 30 days' meeting.

Stakes, handicaps and purses.	\$115,000
Operating expenses	15,000
Rent, taxes and insurance	10,500
Expenses, maintaining, labor, etc., during year	6,000
Expense advertising	3,000

Total ..... \$149,500  
This statement shows a net profit of over 25 per cent.

Capt. Carmody submits that in his project there is a splendid chance for St. Louisans to own their own race track in the finest location in St. Louis, thirty-five minutes from Broadway, by Transit or Suburban street car lines, both of which run direct to grandstand, with the Terminal Belt line unloading horses inside the grounds, at Union avenue and Natural Bridge road. The Captain's estimate of expenditures for purses, stakes and handicaps contemplates no purse of less than \$500, and stakes and handicaps rich enough to bring the best horses to St. Louis.

No official of the Union Jockey Club will be permitted to race horses over its track or to be directly or indirectly interested in the bookmaking.

The betting ring will be open to all reputable bookmakers.

The Union Jockey Club will be conducted in all details and in all respects on a broad, liberal policy, and especial pains will be taken to put racing on its track upon the old plane of the sport of kings. The meetings will be something like the meetings of years ago, when the whole community took an interest in the events, and the society folks made attendance at the races "the very properest thing." Capt. Carmody has the elements of success within himself, as he clearly demonstrated when he improvised a meeting at Kinloch Park last year and gave good sport for sixteen days, as well as put a profit of \$10,000 in the pockets of those who joined with him in the enterprise. His new race track idea is in line with the general sentiment and spirit summed up in the phrase "New St. Louis." The man with money to invest, who is not afraid to take a small chance, should be attracted by the opportunity offered in Capt. Carmody's scheme. The new track has been industriously, if not successfully "knocked" by interested par-



## SLOWEST LAUNDRY

work possible is the only way to do such as we are doing. You have not had such work nor can you get it elsewhere. We prefer to do no fast work at all. We did over three quarters of a MILLION COLLARS and CUFFS our first year which closed April 1st.

**Dinks L. Garrish's Laundry,**  
(Not incorporated)  
3126 and 3128 Olive Street.  
"Let us forget," we use CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.  
NOT IN A TRUST.

ties in opposition. but the Captain has the facts and figures to back up his enthusiastic evangel for the new track, and he deserves the encouragement that should be given to any man who puts before the people a new thing and goes out to fight against a monopoly. An investment in stock of the Union Jockey Club is much more attractive and more prospectively productive than any of a thousand or more schemes for securing investments that are now being exploited in the name of the World's Fair spirit, among the people of St. Louis.

## BOOKER AND THE COLONEL

Everybody's Magazine tells a little story which shows the mixed feelings with which the Southerner regards Booker T. Washington, and in a bibulous burst of confidence said to the negro educator: "Suh, I am glad to meet you. Always wanted to shake your hand, suh, I think, suh, you're the greatest man in America." "Oh, no!" said Mr. Washington. "You are, suh," said the colonel, and then, pugnaciously: "Who's greater?" "Well," said the founder of Tuskegee, "there's President Roosevelt." "No, suh," roared the colonel. "Not by a jugfull! I used to think so, but since he invited you to dinner, I think he's a blank scoundrel."

"I'll get the hang of this game in a minute," said the gambler, who had been caught cheating in Arizona.—Yale Record.





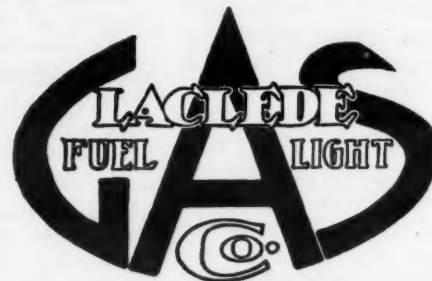
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#### THE SUMMER CHAPERONE

There is a surprising difference between the winter and the summer chaperon.

During the season in town the chaperon most in evidence is the mother of daughters who are out, or just coming out. She matronizes balls, dancing classes, theater parties—every sort of entertainment, in short, indulged in by young people.

With the arrival of summer and the migration to the country there comes a change. The winter chaperon may as likely as not turn over her duties to her just married daughter.

So long as "Mrs." is prefixed to her name the age of the summer chaperon does not seem to matter. The bride of a few weeks is just as eligible for the post as her grandmother—more so, in fact. This state of things, in the opinion of some conservative people, is only a preliminary stage to having no chaperon at all and is indicative of the growing independence of American girls, especially in summer.

On the other hand, the new order of summer chaperon is explained to be a necessity growing out of the fondness of the Twentieth century girl for outdoor sports and her seeming ambition to illustrate the feasibility of perpetual motion. Older women are said to be too busy planning entertainments in which they themselves can find enjoyment to supervise automobile luncheons, four-in-hand picnics and a dozen other forms of outdoor excursions that help to keep time from hanging heavily on the hands of young people.

Whatever the reason, it has come to be an unwritten rule to select as summer chaperon a young woman of about the

same age as the maidens and men in the party. This works well in two ways. The chaperon, it has been discovered, is not above a mild flirtation on her own account—a circumstance that keeps the odd man or men of the party from having a dull time. Moreover, she is too intent on having a good time herself to be overcritical of the way her charges enjoy themselves.

One of the most popular chaperons at a summer resort last season was a young woman who was one of the Easter brides and scarcely 20. From all accounts she was not selected because of an endowment of gravity beyond her years, but mainly for her uncommon fun making propensities.

As a result of her chaperonage, or lack of chaperonage, there was a larger percentage of weddings than usual last winter in that particular set, the bridegroom in several cases frankly confessing that the most effective bit of courting he managed to work in was due to the chaperon. As a promoter of matrimony that particular young woman is an unqualified success, a circumstance which has not increased the popularity of the modern summer chaperon in all quarters.

One of the critics of the new state of things points out that marriage at any cost is not the keynote of American society, and also that the *marriage de convenience* is fast gaining ground over here. In other words, although the American girl enjoys enviable freedom in choosing a husband, at the same time her mother is becoming more and more expert in piling stumbling blocks in the most formidable of which is a chaperon who knows what is required of her.—*New York Sun*.

#### W. C. T. U. GIRL AND COWBOY

In Culbertson, Mont., Miss Edith O'Mara, a pretty young woman, who is a prominent member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and a church member of that place, arrested "Red" Cutcheon and John Morley, two bad men, who came drunk into the town and terrorized all the male inhabitants with their pistol practice. After landing the desperadoes in jail, Miss O'Mara immediately fell in love with Cutcheon and promised to marry him. On his part, Cutcheon has agreed to stop drinking liquor. The whole town is watching the end of this queer courtship with unabated interest.

The young woman was walking along the street in the evening when the two men rode into town and began to shoot out lights, whooping like Indians on a raid. Miss O'Mara was the only resident of the town who did not run for shelter. As the men came dashing up she accosted them politely, and then she suddenly drew a pistol from the folds of her dress. The muzzle was first pointed at one and then at the other, with such rapidity that the two desperadoes failed to see any joke in it.

"Drop your revolvers, and drop them at once!" commanded the girl. The two men allowed their revolvers to fall to the ground. The weapons were picked up by the girl, who then marched her prisoners to the jail and turned them over to the marshal.

Then, like a true daughter of Eve, Miss O'Mara began to pity her prisoners, especially Cutcheon, and pity, a poet says, is akin to love. She was heard to remark that "Red" Cutcheon was not such a bad-looking fellow, after all, when he was sober and washed-up.

She talked long and earnestly with him in his cell about his salvation.

"Why don't you brace up and be a man?" she asked.

"Because no good-lookin' young woman like you ever asked me," said Bad Man Cutcheon. He swore he loved her and promised that he would never touch another drop of liquor if she would be his wife. She cried a bit, and then consented to marry him. So, when "Red" Cutcheon was arraigned in court and fined \$25, charged with shooting his revolver inside the city limits, his fine was paid. After a fond temporary parting with his newly-found sweetheart, he went to the ranch where he is employed, strangely quiet, and the manager was so tickled when he heard of the strange adventure that he made Cutcheon foreman of the ranch. Now the most of the other cowboys want to get drunk, ride into Culbertson and be arrested at the hands of the first pretty girl they meet.

In telling of her engagement, Miss O'Mara said: "As long as I arrested Mr. Cutcheon, it is but fair that I make amends in some way—and so we are to be married."—*Portland Oregonian*.

#### GALLANT JEROME

It is said that once, when District Attorney Jerome was a very small boy, he and his father got into a New York stage to ride uptown. It was crowded, but the elder Jerome found one seat, whereupon he sat, taking upon his knee young Travers. Presently the stage stopped and a handsomely dressed woman got in. Nobody having got out, there was no seat, and nobody offered to make room. Finally, the strain on the elder Jerome became too great, and looking reprovingly at Travers, he said: "Travers, why don't you get up and give the lady your seat?"

## THE STOCK MARKET

There have been tall doings in the Wall street market latterly. Prices dropped with a vim, and to an extent, that served as an eye-opener to those who had all along been accustomed to console themselves with the thought that the break in values was due, principally, to a falling-out among cliques and syndicates. Could there have been anything more startling than the abrupt "slumps" and magnitudinous volume of liquidation in the industrial list? Just think of the unseemly manner in which stocks like Tennessee Coal & Iron, Amalgamated Copper and United States Steel behave themselves?

The day of reckoning has come. It has already overwhelmed two prominent firms. Those who were busily sowing the wind, a few years ago, are now reaping the whirlwind. Values are at last coming down again to a normal basis. The old standards of intrinsic merits are once more coming to be recognized. Already one can hear Wall street financiers discuss the advisability of waiting for stocks to decline to a 6 per cent. basis. It is no longer fashionable to believe that the value of money is constantly being lowered. Those who used to talk of a permanent investment return of 2 and 3 per cent. are now telling you in all confidence that they have completely changed their mind.

There is no reason to be particularly bullish on stocks that pay less than 5 per cent., when first-class corporations are compelled to pay 6 and 7 per cent. on time-loans. If the New York Central, whose credit is admittedly of a pretty good order, is unable to secure funds at reasonable rates, the position of the small speculative holder of stocks is not an enviable one. While call money is very easy, rates on time loans continue stiff. This, of course, indicates that the banks do not care to tie up their funds for any length of time, except on terms covering all possible contingencies connected with a monetary squeeze in the fall.

The sensational declines in United States Steel, Tennessee Coal & Iron, Colorado Fuel & Iron, United States Realty and Amalgamated Copper issues

were accompanied by enormous liquidation. The first-named dropped considerably below the low level touched during the Northern Pacific panic of May 9, 1901. As the common stock is still a 4 per cent. dividend-payer, its present price of 22½ must be regarded as extraordinarily low. If it were selling at 20, it would yield a full 20 per cent. on the investment. The preferred, which, up to some months ago, used to be praised to the skies as a gilt-edged investment by people who should have known better, is barely steady at 70¾. The way things are now going, not only in the stock, but likewise in the metal market, it would not be surprising in the least to see both these classes of shares sell at still lower prices before many months have rolled by. A complete breakdown in the shares of this largest corporation in the United States could not but have most serious consequences, since they are held by many large and small investors all over the country.


That blind-pool specialty, Amalgamated Copper, appears to have collapsed completely. A few days ago, the stock went begging at 36¾. It is likely that more good money has been lost in this issue, since 1898, than in any other quoted on the list, not even excepting United States Steel. During the height of the bull furor, Amalgamated Copper found frantic takers at 130. It is known that at that time a most respectable banking institution in New York openly and enthusiastically advised people to invest in it for "keeps."

There will be plenty of soiled linen to launder after the last chapter of the boom-period has been written.

Continued weakness in iron and steel markets appears to have furnished the immediate stimulus for the outburst of selling in industrials. It is known that stocks of pig-iron are gradually accumulating. They are now a good deal larger than they were a year ago. In addition to this, consumptive demand is less urgent. The extraordinarily high basis of cost of labor and material must be held responsible for this. Being thus confronted with overproduction and decreasing demand, it is only natural that the shares of these companies should be seeking a lower level. There are already intimations that the next dividend on United States Steel common will be at the rate of only 2 per cent. per annum. If such a reduction should be made, the prices of both common and preferred would go still lower than they are at the present writing.

That the industrial list is discounting coming untoward events is quite plain. The prominent parties selling this class of shares know full well what they are doing. They are not given to selling on sentiment and at big losses. If they do not hesitate to throw a 7 per cent. stock like United States Steel preferred overboard at 70, or less, they must have good cause for doing so. The probability of a reduction in the dividend on these shares is not as remote as it used to be up to a few months ago. Two years from now, both common and preferred may have disappeared from the dividend list.

The selling of gilt-edged investment issues is a bad symptom. It suggests



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that formerly strong holders have sustained extensive losses in other directions by the shrinkage in values and are forced to realize on their best holdings to replenish either their bank or margin account. Things have a sinister appearance. There's no use denying it. If values should continue to drop, it will be difficult to stave off panicky developments.

The lately-announced failures did not cause much surprise. They were of sufficient importance, however, to accentuate the general feeling of bewilderment and apprehension. These are bad days for the "pools." There will be other collapses of this kind within the next few months. There are, at this writing, some ugly rumors afloat regarding the condition of various important concerns.

In view of all this, the speculative light-weights should be extremely cautious in their market operations, or stay out of the game altogether. The situation contains some features which warrant neither courage, nor confidence. "Nerve" alone will not do. The crash may mean more than even the most pessimistic among us may be inclined to imagine.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

The downward tendency in local values continues. There has been some urgent selling in the last few days, and an extensive receding of prices in some directions. It is apparent to close observers that the bear triumphs in Wall street exercise a powerful influence upon the course of quotations in St. Louis. According to current rumors, there are still a good many weak accounts overhanging the market, and if these should come down, a further slashing of values would inevitably ensue.

St. Louis Transit scored a heavy loss. Under an avalanche of offerings, it dropped to 167½, the lowest price touched since the days of the great street-car strike in 1900. On one day, the total sales aggregated 740 shares. United preferred weakened in sympathy, selling at one time at 65. At the present writing, it is offered, in liberal amounts, at 65, with 64 the best bid. The 4 per cent bonds likewise suffered from liquidation, though to a less marked extent. They are now quoted at 80 bid.

Among the bank and trust company issues, Bank of Commerce was a particularly weak sister, receding, on small sales, to 322. The stock acts as if it intended to go still lower. Some predict that it will, eventually, cross Third National on its downward course. The latter stock still sells at 300. Missouri Trust weakened slightly. It is now selling at 126. American Central Trust is selling at 151½. Mississippi Valley is also lower, and now being offered at 400. Mercantile is purchaseable at 380, and Commonwealth at 260. For Lincoln, 247 is now bid. Central Coal and Coke common has slid down to 61. A small lot of American Credit Indemnity sold, the other day, at 270. For Brewing Association, 68 93½ is bid.

Granite-Bimetallic, on unfavorable reports regarding the financial condition of the company, and an attachment of the properties in Montana, has declined to 30. The stock is utterly lacking in support.

Money remains in good inquiry, with rates at 5 and 6 per cent. Country demand for currency is increasing. Sterling exchange is lower, being now quoted at 4.87½.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

X. X., Mexico, Mo.—Believe you will

be able to buy Erie common at a lower price than that named. You might add to your second preferred on a scale down. Keep out of Kansas City Southern common for the present.

V. D.—Would not advise buying Toledo & Western. Too erratic. The big decline in these shares was the outcome of forced selling on the part of the pool. Central of Georgia second incomes cannot be regarded as a good purchase.

S. H. J., Abilene, Kan.—Don't touch Leather common. The stock is practically worthless. Would hold Texas and Pacific for a good rally.

M. M. McB.—Consider the Union Pacific 4s a fine investment. They are likely, however, to depreciate further. The Peoria and Western income 4s should prove a better purchase after a while. Disabuse your mind of the notion that the market will run away from you. There will be lots of opportunity yet to buy all your favorites.

W. R., Rochester, N. Y.—Throw your Duluth overboard. There's no use hanging on to it. The stock is worth, possibly, 30 cents a share. All sorts of things will have happened before this stuff comes within even smelling distance of a dividend.

#### DELMAR RACING

Bas D'Or and Croix D'Or, the two full brothers for William Mulkey's stable, captured the Home-bred stake in easy fashion at Delmar last Saturday, the pair simply romping home under restraint. Though they looked to have the race absolutely at their mercy, they were held at the liberal price of 3 to 5.

Deutschland, from Barney Schreiber's stable, was about their sole competitor for the greater part of the race, Zirl and Actine finishing back in the rack. By the time the stretch turn was reached, the Mulkey entry and Deutschland had the race between them. And so they finished.

Clifton Forge has shown conclusively that he is one of the best youngsters shown around here this year. Tokalon is a first-class little filly, and may be carded as the best of her sex that has appeared so far in the 2-year-old class. The stake winners of earlier in the year have proved disappointments.


Major Pellham, a stake winner at the Fair Grounds, is not anywhere near his form of early in the season. Neither is Orient, apparently. Jehane seems to be below the notch she was keyed up to at the Fair Grounds course. Brilliants, also from the Turney stable, has not run to her best notch of late.

Light Opera has come back to his form. This was evidenced when he easily defeated Lady Strathmore and Orris in the distance event last Saturday. The Lemp colt was troubled with a sore foot in the early stages of the Delmar meeting, but this affliction seems to have passed entirely away.

Of those deserving criticism, the Hayes and Orr stables may be mentioned. Each stable can turn out more beaten favorites, apparently, than can well be explained. Troxler is not doing good work on favorites, and has been beaten repeatedly of late on first choices.

For the most part, however, the horses seem to be running to their marks, and the meeting is keeping up its average of form in good shape. The track is steadily getting faster, apparently, as the stake was run in 1:14 for the six furlongs Saturday. This is remarkable time, considering its rather heavy surface.

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### BREACH OF PROMISE SUITS

Of every thousand suits for breach of promise to marry, at least nine hundred and ninety-nine are brought by women. Now, it is probable that men are the victims of such breaches at least as often as women, and therefore the question arises whether the vast predominance of feminine plaintiffs has any significance as to the relative delicacy of mind possessed by the two sexes. For a breach of promise suit is essentially indelicate. To bring it requires a more or less brutal indifference to public ridicule, and an amazing willingness to place one's self and one's private emotions under derisive inspection and vulgar commentary. And men rarely do all this, while women do it frequently. It's very puzzling. Of course, there is the matter of money, more commonly in the possession of men than of women; but that explanation is not kind to women, for it involves the assumption that they are mercenary, and that for the sake of money they are willing to go through an ordeal that would be simply frightful for men in most respects callous. As for the "vindication," which the plaintiffs usually say is all they want, that is too mysterious for masculine discussion. We simply do not know what the dear creatures mean when they talk about the "vindication" that results from a breach of promise suit. As a general rule, some observers declare, men hate "scenes" much more than women do, and a suit of the kind under consideration partakes of the nature of "scenes." But why do men hate "scenes" more than women do? Is it because the "scene" usually reveals the man as a villain of one kind or another? Perhaps peace and safety can be bought only by letting it go at that.—New York Times.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

St. Louis, Mo., July 22, 1903.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

Dear Sir:—I read with interest an article in the editorial columns of the Mirror of July 9th on the subject of Christian Science, and was pleased to see that in your summing up of some of its virtues, you find that it "is not altogether devoid of some good," and that "the Christian Scientists also deserve praise for advocating rational modes of living, and the practice of some materialistic principles," etc. This conclusion was, perhaps, based partly upon the recent statement of the phenomenally low death rate among the Christian Scientists as compared with non-believers. The comparative report, however, should have read as follows: "The result of the information thus gathered shows that the death rate in the Mother Church (of a membership of 27,796) is 4.48 per thousand against the death rate of 18.73 per thousand in the city of Boston for 1902." (Christian Science Sentinel of July 11th).

Students of Christian Science are compelled to differ with the belief or saying that Christian Science is materialistic, or that it corresponds with or is contained in the teachings of Socrates, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, or that the ideas of Christian Science were familiar to the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks and Romans.

While Socrates was a remarkable man and deserves due credit for his noble and apparently unselfish efforts in behalf of humanity, he was a sceptic and was not considered, in its true sense, a philosopher. His theory and work tended towards, and reached no higher than, the education of the morals from a human or material standpoint.

Epictetus was considered more of a philosopher, and taught many grand and beautiful ideas, although in his theory, his estimate of the human will was almost equal to that of Delty. An authority says of him and his theory, "The philosophy of Epictetus is stamped with an intensely practical character, and exhibits a high idealistic type of morality, etc. God, acting as a good king and a true father, has given us a will, which cannot be restrained, compelled or thwarted; he has put it wholly in our own power, so that even He Himself has no power to check or control it."

Of Marcus Aurelius it can also be said that he was a noble character, yet he was a pagan. It is said of him, "Aurelius is above all things a practical moralist." "The one blemish in the life of Aurelius is his hostility to Christianity, which is the more remarkable that his morality comes nearer than any other heathen system to that of the New Testament. He knew little of the Christians, and absolutely nothing of Christian ethics."

While the ancient Egyptians practiced witchcraft and sorcery to a remarkable degree during the reign of Rameses II., this practice was completely exposed by Moses, the renowned Hebrew leader, as a delusion and a snare, thus causing these occult practitioners to declare in the presence of their king that the miracles performed by Moses were a manifestation of the "finger of God," (Exodus 8; 19), and by this uncovering Moses effected the deliverance of the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage.

The religious system, known as Christian Science, founded by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, was the outcome of her discovery in 1866, that the power and presence of God, when understood, healed the sick, just as it did when Jesus and his disciples healed during the early Christian era, and it accords exactly with Jesus' saying,

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also."

The article further states, "Mrs. Eddy's ideas are not original. They prevailed in dim and distant ages of the past." This is quite true. Mrs. Eddy does not claim to be the originator of the idea which Christian Science represents or expresses, but rather to have discovered it. It necessarily must have existed before it could be discovered or become known. She is, however, without doubt, the discoverer and founder of the system known as Christian Science, which is based upon and corresponds with the teachings of Jesus Christ, and which, when understood, demonstrates with scientific certainty the practicality and truth, in a degree, of the spiritual idea, just as was practiced by Jesus and His disciples.

As evidence that the basis of Christian Science is not materialistic, but has absolutely a divine or spiritual basis, I beg to quote from the religious tenets of Christian Science, as given in the text-book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," on page 497—"As adherents of Truth, we take the inspired Word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal Life. We acknowledge and adore one supreme and infinite God;—we acknowledge one Christ—His Son, Christ Jesus; the Holy Ghost or the divine Comforter; and man His divine image and likeness. We acknowledge God's forgiveness of sin in the destruction of sin, and in the understanding that evil and sin are unreal, hence not eternal. But the belief in sin is punished, so long as it lasts. We acknowledge that man is saved through Christ—through divine Truth, Life and Love, as demonstrated by the Galilean Prophet in the healing of the sick, and the overcoming of sin and death. Also, that the crucifixion of Jesus, and his resurrection were designed to elevate human faith and understanding to the spiritual perception of the eternal existence of the good and the real in man."

Respectfully,

JAMES A. LOGWOOD,

Publication Committee for the State of Missouri.



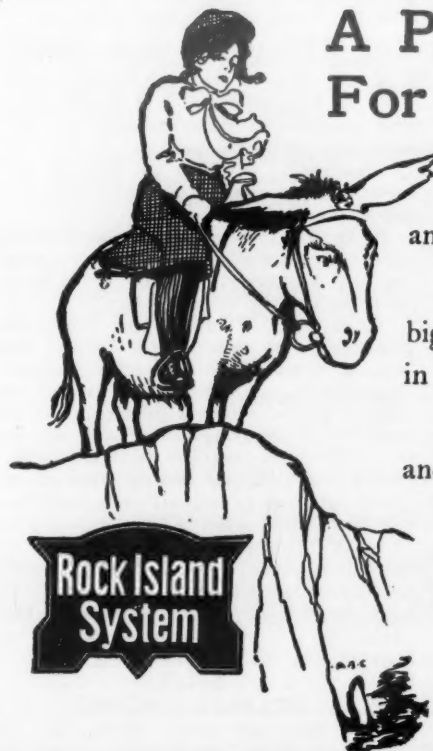
## WOMEN'S LOVE.

Editor of the Mirror:

I am a Mirror reader, and I am a woman, and I want to remonstrate against a popular idea of men as put forth in "Paradoxes of Femininity," of this week's edition. "We all have observed many an instance of a beautiful, pure-minded girl marrying a notorious rake or gambler; the goody-goody man is apt to be overlooked—he lacks that peculiar fascinating quality which certain kinds of vice only can give—the allurements of sin in man is still potent with woman, and always will be an unsolvable enigma—but seems to belong to the eternal fitness of things."

A man is assuming a great deal when he presumes to credit a good woman with such sentiments—he is indeed—however, I will grant that he is honest in his opinion. "The beautiful, pure-minded girl" who marries a rake or a gambler, is not as beautiful or pure-minded as she has been given the credit for being, I fear; or if she is, the rake or gambler must surely be possessed of qualities, undiscovered by any, perhaps, excepting this "beautiful and pure-minded" woman for which, you may be sure, she loves him, and not for his vices.

A good woman loves good, not "goody-goody" qualities in the man of her choice, and men do not realize, I fear, that I am safe in saying, the poignant anguish and heartaches suffered by the good women who love them in the memory of their errors. I wish I might set them right on that now—once and for all—for the sooner they disillusionize themselves in re-



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# THE PAPYRUS

A MAGAZINE OF INDIVIDUALITY

Edited By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

There is (God knows) no lack of magazines without individuality. The field that we have chosen looks Large and Lonesome, but we are Not Worried because McClure and Munsey and Bok are Nowhere in sight. By and by when the Money begins to come Our Way, we shall have lots of Company.

The Papyrus is for people who have got tired of Canned Literature—who want to get away from the Eternal Trite—who demand Honest Thinking and Writing that is born of the Red Corpuscle.

Oh yes, we know They Say this kind of a magazine can't succeed, but if it's the Kind you would like to read, suppose you Help us to stay.

You don't want the Other Fellows to have All the cakes and ale, do you? Just send us Now, while you think of it, a Lone Dollar, and we'll keep each other's Company for a Year.

Seize the psychic moment when your Dollar looks to us as big as a Cart Wheel. Later on we shall be looking at it through the Other End of the glass.

The way to subscribe is to SUBSCRIBE.

THE PAPYRUS,  
MOUNT VERNON NEW YORK

gard to that idea—which, I reiterate, is all wrong—the sooner, in all probability, will they be honored by the affection of some "beautiful and pure-minded" woman in whom such sentiments only inspire dislike and resistance.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER,  
Independence, Mo.

## A TIMELY BOOK

The John C. Winston Co., 718 Arch street, Philadelphia, are the publishers of the authorized and official "Life of Leo XIII.," by Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., Domestic Prelate and Private Secretary of His Holiness. The introduction to the work is by Cardinal Gibbons. The author had for years been in the most intimate relations with the late Pope, and given free access to all public and private papers.

## PROPER CLASSIFICATION

Mrs. Oldwed—Did you ever meet my late husband?

Mrs. Newbride—Oh, no; he's very much alive, thank you. But, of course, you don't know his habits as well as I do.—Chicago Daily News.

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## POPULAR BOOKS.

Rejected to Men, Howard Pyle, \$1.20; The Captain's Toll Gate, Stockton, \$1.20; The Siege of Youth, Charles, \$1.20; Love Thrives in War, Crowley, \$1.20; The Mettel of the Pasture, Allen, \$1.20; His American Birthright, Beuchamp, \$1.20; The Dowager Countess and the American Girl, Bell, \$1. We have a fine assortment of bright, entertaining summer reading, the latest novels, paper and cloth, periodicals, etc., at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive St.



## THE WONDERS OF COLORADO

### The Crest of the Continent, Reached by the Rock Island

Is there any foreign region that can offer the wonderful attractions of Colorado as the spot for a summer tour?

Is there any European country that can afford the magnificent scenery, the clear air and the wonderful climate of this same State?

Not one. Beside the claims of this Western country, the attractions of old nations must all pale.

Switzerland has its mountains and lakes—Colorado has far grander sights in the Rocky Mountain range with their inland bodies of water. The old resorts of Europe boast of their air, their curing waters and their scenery—Colorado can take each subject in detail and surpass them all.

In no section of the world can rugged grandeur of scenery be found combined with the beauties of nature as in the lake region of the Rockies—in no spot can the same conditions of clear air, wonderful waters and healthful conditions be obtained.

Colorado is pre-eminently the place to visit to appreciate the wonders of nature. Every variety of scenery may be found here, from the rolling plains of the West, the valleys of mountain region, the timbered slopes of fertile hills or the rugged sides of the greatest mountains in the world.

Pike's Peak alone deserves to stand as one of the wonders of the world. The royal gorge and canyon of the Arkansas is unsurpassed in its way. The canyons of the Grand and Colorado Rivers, the pass at Ophir and the individual portions of the mountains cannot be found in any other country in the world.

Colorado is still a new country—it is still a young country. Yet its merits as a resort region have spread until it is now recognized as one of the greatest experiences in American travel to pass through the State. To spend a season in the mountains is the experience of a lifetime.

The elevation of the State is noteworthy. Its average, far above sea level and greater than that of any other State, has made the climate of the region one never to be forgotten. It stands by itself in this respect.

Colorado Springs is the name that first rises to the lips in mentioning the State's resorts. It is the gateway to the picture region of the State. In no other city in the world is variety of location and scenery so combined.

To the rear of the Springs lies Pike's Peak. To the right is Cheyenne Mountain and its wonderful scenery. To the left is the Garden of the Gods. And to the front is the long stretch of plains—plains that extend as far as the eye can reach.

Five miles away, at Manitou, lie the celebrated Springs. Manitou has been called the Saratoga of the West. It deserves the title. Like Colorado Springs, its elevation is more than 6,000 feet above sea level. Between the two places is one of the most perfect transit systems, enabling the visitor in one town to readily reach the other.

Colorado Springs is not a flimsy summer resort—a place inhabited for but one season of the year, in which time the natives get busy on the visitors and vie with one another in seeing how much money they can make in a short period. It is a substantial city, instead. A place where local pride is strong, where population is on the increase, and where the per capita of wealth will uphold the dignity of the place in suitable fashion.

It is the one city of the country, besides Denver, that affords the healthful properties of its wonderful atmosphere and surroundings with the conveniences of a big city. Business is active in the place, yet it is a city of homes. And the object of its residents is to make it still further a city of homes.

This very fact is one of its greatest charms as a summer resort. There is none of the hurried, stay-a-day-and-then run air about the city. Its advantages are such that permanent residence is as suitable as a summer's stay.

The key note to Colorado Springs is controlled by the Rock Island Railroad—the only railway running its cars, on its own tracks, directly from the East to the Springs.

All the points of interest in the State are reached by this road—and the points of interest mean much in Colorado.

At Colorado Springs, sports may be found to suit every taste. Golfing is a leading pastime on the links about the Springs. Fishing is of the best in the streams and lakes of the neighborhood. Hunting, in the neighboring mountains, is among the best in the country. And riding, driving, polo and kindred sports flourish everywhere.

And as for scenery—there is the Garden of the Gods. This wonderfully weird and magnificent section lies at the doors of Colorado Springs, and contains the most remarkable sights that can be conceived. In the South Cheyenne canyon may be found the Pillars of Hercules—twin cliffs rising sheer one thousand feet on either side, at one place being but forty feet apart.

All through the garden are massive crags and pinnacles, some bright red, others orange, showing varying colors, expressive of the different strata of rock worn off or upheaved by some disturbance of bygone days.

Pike's Peak has often been described. But no description can fully show the wonders of this region. The view from the summit is awe-inspiring in its grandeur.

Idaho Springs and Glenwood Springs are two smaller places than Colorado Springs, each unique in its way. Like all the Colorado resorts, they combine wonderful climatic conditions with perfect scenery and the best of temperatures.

In all these sections, cool air is a feature at times when the summer heat is at its worst in this section. Blankets are at a premium at all seasons in Colorado, and at no place more than the resorts in question.

Glenwood Springs boasts of natural hot water springs, strongly impregnated with sulphur and other minerals, most valuable in sundry diseases, boiling directly from the ground at a temperature of 127 F. Large bathing pools are constructed there, and accommodations may be had of any sort desired.

Denver furnishes a wonderful example of a city with ideal summer climate and pleasing winter conditions. To many residents of this section, it may seem incredible that in any large city can be found the conditions of air and atmosphere which prevail in the State's largest settlement.

Though a considerable distance from the commanding heights of the State, the same air and the same clearness of atmosphere is noticeable.

The eye can travel for miles across the surrounding country and the mountain ranges, far distant, seem within easy reach of the suburbs.

Besides the places mentioned, numerous small settlements are scattered throughout the heart of the mountains, on the edges of the ranges and by the shores of the little lakes with which Colorado abounds. Every variety of conditions may be found in the State, from the palatial hotels which surpass those of the East in equipment to the modest rural establishments set away in the wilds of the mountains.

To each and all of these places, the most ready access is found on the Rock Island. This road has done more to open up the State and develop the resources of Colorado than any competitor.

In laying the road through the mountainous district, several engineering feats alone were accomplished which were nothing short of miraculous. Three of these are worthy of special mention. One is the famous Georgetown loop, where the trains cross and re-cross over one of the most magnificent trestles over a mighty gorge that can be found on any railroad in the world.

Another is the construction of the road along the base of the Arkansas gorge. Yet another is the Giant's ladder, where the trains painfully crawl the mountain grades by a series of long inclines.

Cripple Creek is well known as the most noted mining district of that section and the town is well worth a visit. Accommodations are of good sort for travelers and it is an experience to visit the place with its series of gold mines.

One feature of Colorado is particularly striking—this is its waterfalls. Mystic Falls and the Seven Falls, the latter in the canyon just beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and the most remarkable instances of their sort in the world. The Seven Falls drop more than 700 feet in the course of their plunge down the sides of the gorge.

Rates for visitors at all the resorts are most reasonable. At Colorado Springs, for instance, weekly board may be obtained for \$10 or \$12 weekly, ranging up to as costly suites as one may desire at big hotels, whose minimum charge is \$17.50 weekly. Cheaper rates may be found at the smaller places.

One feature of the resort period in the State is the camping out indulged in by

many visitors. The climate and the almost perpetual fine weather of certain seasons in the year—in fact, the greater part of the year—make this al fresco form of living most enjoyable. By renting tents and equipments, the stay of visitors may be made as little expensive as individual tastes decide.

Equipment of all trains on the Rock Island road is of the best. Through Pullman sleepers, observation and dining cars are on trains from this section, from Chicago and Omaha. Convenience of hours of departure from these points and of arrival at points in Colorado is a feature of the service.

To those desiring to extend their trip further West than Colorado, the crest of the continent may be passed and Salt Lake City visited. Full information of all spots in Colorado with time tables and prices prevailing at the resorts will be cheerfully furnished at the Rock Island offices.



### DIAGNOSIS OF KENTUCKY

Kentucky's hills are full of rills,  
And all the rills are lined with stills,  
And all the stills are full of gills,  
And all the gills are full of thrills,  
And all the thrills are full of kills.

You see, the feudists dot the hills,  
And camp along the little rills,  
Convenient to the busy stills,  
And thirsting for the brimming gills  
And when the juice his system fills  
Each feudist whoops around and kills.

Now, if they'd only stop the stills  
They'd cure Kentucky's many ills—  
Men would be spared to climb the hills,  
And operate the busy stills.  
However, this would mean more gills,  
And that, of course, would mean more thrills,  
Resulting in the same old kills.

So all the hills and rills and stills,  
And all the gills and thrills and kills,  
Are splendid for the coffin mills  
And make more undertaker's bills.  
—Chicago Tribune.



When passing behind a street car  
look out for the car approaching from  
the opposite direction.



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St. Louis to New York.  
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## Hosiery and Knit Underwear

Drummers' Samples of Knit Underwear at Half Price.

A New York importer of fine Hosiery sold to us for spot cash 11,000 dozen Hose, at a price which enables us to let them out at almost half the regular price.

- Ladies' Imported Fancy Hose, lisle and fine cotton, worth 25c and 50c—choice, per pair...**11c**
- Ladies' Imported Fast Black Cotton Hose, high spliced heel and toe, plain and drop stitch, were 25c—now .....**10c**
- Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Hose, black and white, vertical stripe and all black all-over lace, were 50c—now .....**35c**
- Children's Fast Black Ribbed Cotton Hose, high spliced heel and toe, double knee, were 15c—now .....**10c**
- Infants' Imported Fine Gauge Cotton Hose, regular made, were 25c—now, per pair.....**10c**
- Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Cotton Vests, taped neck and arms, were 15c—now .....**7½c**
- Ladies' Richelieu Ribbed Bleached Cotton Vests, silk ribbon in neck and arms, were 20c—now .....**10c**
- Ladies' Fancy Stripe Lisle Thread Vests and White Swiss Ribbed, were 50c—now.....**25c**
- Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Lisle Thread Union Suits, low neck, no sleeves, silk ribbon in neck and arms, were 50c—now .....**22c**
- Children's and Boys' Balbriggan Shirts, Pants and Drawers, broken sizes and styles, blues and ecru color, worth 35c and 25c—choice .....**17½c**

## The Shoe Opportunity of the Summer Season

**\$3.00 LADIES' OXFORD TIES, \$1.48**

This Week Hazen B. Goodrich's Finest Oxford Ties, with high full Louis XV heels and extra high Cuban heels, a well-known make sold everywhere at \$2.50 and \$3.00 a pair; 1200 pairs in the lot; bought them for cash in the hand at one-half early season prices; an enormous loss to the manufacturer, but a bargain for you. They're in the windows, on the tables, 1200 pairs of them, all sizes for \$1.48.

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## CARPET DEPARTMENT

(Third Floor.)

- STRAW MATTING**—Remnants of Jap and China Matting in lengths 5 to 15 yards; were 15c to 35c per yard; now .....**10c**
- SMYRNA RUGS**—26-inch, all-wool, reversible rugs in rich medallion and Oriental patterns; were \$1.85; now .....**\$1.25**
- SMYRNA RUGS**—30-inch, all-wool Smyrna Rugs, worth \$2.25; now .....**\$1.50**
- ART SQUARES**—3x3½ best quality all-wool Ingrain; in red, blue, green and tan; were \$8.25; now .....**\$6.25**
- BRUSSELS RUGS**—9x12 Tapestry Brussels Rugs; made up from remnants, to sell for \$13.50; now .....**\$10.00**
- VELVET RUGS**—9x12, in small patterns, rich Wilton effects; made up from remnants to sell for \$19.50; now .....**\$15.00**
- WILTON VELVET RUGS**—9x12—Oriental patterns in best quality Wilton velvet; were \$23.50; now .....**\$17.50**
- CREX CARPETS**—The most serviceable, inexpensive summer floor covering on the market; 9x12 Rugs; were \$8.25; now .....**\$6.75**  
8x10 Rugs; were \$6.25; now .....**\$5.50**  
6x9 Rugs; were \$4.25; now .....**\$3.50**  
Reduction in proportion to sizes of all other rugs.

Make selection while assortment is complete.



## Furniture Department

Third Floor.

FOR SUMMER COMFORT

- LAWN SETTEE**—The best folding Lawn Settee on the market, well made and beautifully finished, red or green—were \$2.00, now...**\$1.48**
- STEAMER CHAIRS**—Canvas folding Steamer Chairs with foot rest attached; just the thing for the porch, lawn or sick room; were \$3.90, now .....**\$1.98**
- PARLOR TABLES**—Golden oak or mahogany finished Parlor Tables, 24 inches square; were \$1.75, now .....**\$1.25**
- MORRIS CHAIRS**—Golden oak and mahogany finished Morris Chairs; your choice of velour covered cushions; were \$6.50, now .....**\$4.98**
- COUCHES**—Steel Sanitary Folding Couch Beds, can be used as a couch, a single or full-sized bed; were \$6.50; now .....**\$4.98**
- IRON BEDS**—White or green enamel, angle rail head and foot, no better make bed on the market; were \$3.50; now .....**\$2.48**
- MATTRESSES**—Best cotton top mattresses, full size; were \$2.50, now .....**\$1.98**
- PILLOWS**—Excellent grade of feathers, clean and odorless, in the famous Amoskeag Herringbone ticking, 6 pounds to the pair, the best \$2.00 pillow on the market; were \$1.75 per pair, now .....**\$1.15**
- WARDROBES**—Golden oak Wardrobes, large, with double doors; were \$10.00, now....**\$8.48**

**WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.**



## GARBAGE IN BUFFALO

The problem of taking care of refuse in large cities was carefully investigated by the St. Louis delegates to the Civic Improvement League while attending the recent Buffalo meeting of the American Park and Out Door Art Association. A summary of their observations may be interesting in view of this city's garbage problem. No city in the country could possibly take more care in solving this problem than the authorities at Buffalo have shown. At the present time, the city is very much wrought up over the fact that a new arrangement for disposing of garbage is soon to be decided upon. Up to a year ago the city's garbage and rubbish were removed by a contractor. The failure of the company caused the city to assume the work. The work under the direction of the city officials has progressed almost ideally and the problems which are confronting St. Louis citizens could hardly be understood by the officials of Buffalo, on account of the almost perfect system in vogue there. That city's refuse is divided into three parts: ashes, garbage and rubbish. People who do not make this separation of their own accord are promptly reported by the collector and an inspector is sent to investigate and, after due warning, if the resident does not comply with the ordinances, he is immediately brought into court.

The matter of the placing of garbage receptacles, which is such a vexing question in St. Louis, does not enter into the matter of collection in Buffalo, because the contract requires that it be removed wherever it is placed by the householders, and they do not have to worry whether the garbage collector has been around or not, as all they have to do is to provide receptacles for their refuse and it is then properly collected.

The garbage wagons are divided into three classes, ash, garbage and rubbish wagons, each class of which is of a different colored paint and properly numbered in series.

Just about half an hour before the garbage wagon comes down the street or alley, an advance collector has been along and has carried the garbage receptacle to the street or alley, ready for the man who follows with the wagon. This makes the collection very rapid. The empty receptacles are then restored to their proper places.

From May 1st until October 31st, garbage collected must be disinfected frequently while on route of collection, in order that no odor shall arise. A two dollar penalty is provided for each and every receptacle from which the garbage collector shall fail to collect or remove the refuse. In Buffalo, this is enforced.

When conditions of the streets on account of snow, ice, repairs, paving or other cause render them impassable, the movable receptacles containing the garbage and refuse are carried to a connecting street, that can be traveled, and then emptied, the receptacles being returned as usual. The contents of stationary receptacles are carried in the best practical manner so as not to create any nuisance.

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Century Building, St. Louis.



If any of the garbage or ashes is allowed to accumulate or is placed contrary to any of the Buffalo city ordinances, that fact does not relieve the contractor from collecting or removing the same.

The city of Buffalo is also divided into districts and the work in each district must be done entirely distinct from other districts and a separate force of men is required for the performance of the work.

City Ticket Office, Southeast Cor. Sixth and Olive Streets.

## Lower Rates to Michigan

Tourist points than ever before on and after June 1st. Regular through sleeping car service begins June 22. Travers City, \$16.60; Charlevoix, \$18.00; Petoskey, \$18.00; Wequetonsing, \$18.25; Harbor Springs, \$18.25; Harbor Point, \$18.25. For information call on or write T. F. BOWES, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 308 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Mirror

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